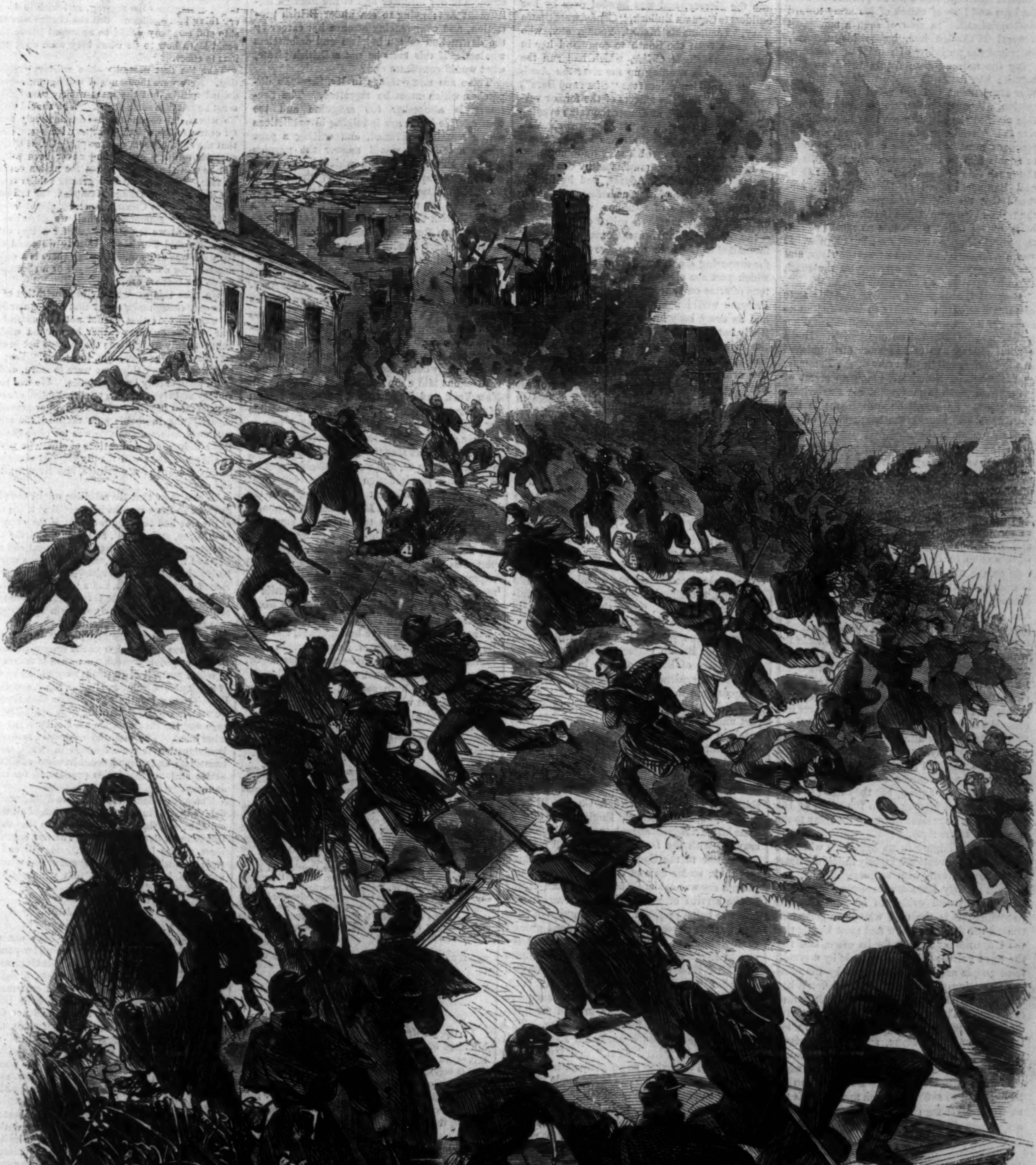
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VI.—No. 313.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1862. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



THE ATTACK ON FREDERICKSBURG—THE FORLORN HOPE SCALING THE HILL.—[SEE PAGE 830.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1862.

☞ THE present Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY completes Volume VI. A *Title-Page and Table of Contents* can be had gratuitously from the principal News-Dealers.

THE REVERSE AT FREDERICKSBURG.

WE have again to report a disastrous reverse to our arms. Defeated with great slaughter in the battle of 13th, General Burnside has now withdrawn the army of the Potomac to the north side of the Rappahannock, where the people congratulate themselves that it is at least in safety. And now, who is responsible for this terrible repulse?

General Burnside was appointed to the command of the army of the Potomac on 9th November, and began at once to prepare to shift the base and line of march of his army toward Fredericksburg. In view of such a movement General M'Clellan had, before his removal, suggested the propriety of rebuilding and occupying the railroad from Aquia Creek to Falmouth; but, for some reason not apparent, the War Department had not acted upon the suggestion. About 12th November General Burnside notified the Department that he would arrive at Fredericksburg in about a week, and that pontoons must be there by that time, in order to enable him to cross and occupy the hills on the south side of the river. On the 21st General Sumner arrived at Fredericksburg, and found that there was not a pontoon there, and the railroad between Aquia Creek and Falmouth being out of order, there was no means of getting any, and no means of procuring supplies. It was absolutely impossible to cross the river, and the enemy were already arriving on the south side and throwing up earth-works.

General Burnside, on discovering this state of things, repaired instantly to Washington to ascertain why he was being sacrificed. What satisfaction he obtained no one knows. But a general officer, one of the most distinguished in the service, not in the army of the Potomac, as early as 23d November, made no secret of his opinion that the movement *via* Fredericksburg "*was a failure,*" because Burnside had been unable to occupy the south bank of the Rappahannock in time.

In the course of two weeks pontoons were furnished to the army, the railroad was repaired, and supplies were forthcoming. But, on the other hand, Lee, with 150,000 men, was strongly intrenched on the opposite side of the river, on two ranges of hills which command the slope at the foot of which the Rappahannock runs and Fredericksburg lies. The question was, what was to be done? A council of war was held on the night of 11th. At that council it is understood that Generals Sumner, Franklin, Hooker, and all the corps commanders who had been invited were decidedly opposed to a movement across the river and up the slope. IT IS RUMORED THAT BURNSIDE THEN SAID THAT HE WAS ORDERED TO CROSS THE RIVER AND ATTACK THE BATTERIES IN FRONT, AND THAT HE WOULD DO IT, NO MATTER WHAT THE COST. This of course closed the discussion, and the Generals made their preparations accordingly. On 12th the river was crossed without serious resistance. On 13th the rebel batteries were attacked in front by the bulk of Burnside's army, and our troops were repulsed with a loss which is now variously estimated at from twelve to seventeen thousand men. The rebel loss is not known, but they can not have lost many score of men. On the night of 15-16th, General Burnside withdrew his army to the north side of the river.

We are indulging in no hyperbole when we say that these events are rapidly filling the heart of the loyal North with sickness, disgust, and despair. Party lines are becoming effaced by such unequivocal evidences of administrative imbecility; it is the men who have given and trusted the most, who now feel most keenly that the Government is unfit for its office, and that the most gallant efforts ever made by a cruelly tried people are being neutralized by the obstinacy and incapacity of their leaders. Where this will all end no one can see. But it must end soon. The people have shown a patience, during the past year, quite unexampled in history. They have borne, silently and grimly, imbecility, treachery, failure, privation, loss of friends and means, almost every suffering which can afflict a brave people. But they can not be expected to suffer that such massacres as this at Fredericksburg shall be repeated. Matters are rapidly ripening for a military dictatorship.

THE BRITISH PIRATES "ORETO" AND "ALABAMA."

THE publication of the official correspondence between the State Department and our foreign ministers at length places us in possession of the facts regarding the construction and outfit of the famous pirates *Oreto* and *Alabama*. Public report long ago classed these pirates as British. But many persons, unwilling to believe that a friendly nation would wantonly take advantage of a civil war in this country to engage in the business of piracy, have regarded the designation as unjustified and injurious. The facts now leave no further room for doubt.

On February 18, 1862, Mr. Adams, United States Minister to England, laid the case of the *Oreto* before the British Government. She was then building at Liverpool, for the parties who had already dispatched the *Bermuda* to the Southern States, and the evidence of her destination and her character was submitted to Earl Russell. The latter referred the case to the British Commissioners of Customs, who reported, under date of February 22, that their collector had "every reason to believe she was for the Italian Government," and that though she was pierced for guns, she had none on board, and the opinion appeared to be that "she was not going to receive any in England." This answer was perfectly satisfactory to Earl Russell, who sent it to Mr. Adams; though every body in Liverpool knew perfectly well that she was a Confederate privateer. On 22d March the *Oreto* moved out into the Mersey, and was handed over by her builders to Captain Bullock, "Confederate States Navy," Lieutenants Maffitt, Young, etc., who had come from the South to command her in the steamer *Annie Childs*, which had run the blockade. On running up the river the *Annie Childs* dipped her colors (the "Stars and Bars") to the *Oreto*, and the officers of the former vessel were entertained at dinner the same evening on board the *Oreto*. A flat-boat was simultaneously sent alongside the *Oreto* with her armament. These facts, which were quite notorious in Liverpool, were communicated by the United States Consul to Mr. Adams, and by him to Earl Russell. The latter, as before, referred to the Commissioners of Customs, who reported, on April 6, that the *Oreto* sailed on 22d March—the day the United States Consul's report was forwarded to London; that there was no reason for supposing she was not going to Palermo, for which port she cleared; and that she had 178 tons of arms on board. As a vessel clearing for Palermo would not require 178 tons of arms, and as every body knew she was going not to Sicily but to Nassau, one is surprised to find that the British Commissioners of Customs, who lied so glibly on other points, did not lie about the arms likewise. The *Oreto* fairly at sea, Earl Russell gave "a polite expression of his regret" to Mr. Adams on April 15. Late in May she turned up in the British colony of Nassau, where the famous pirate, Captain Semmes, of the *Sumter*, and now of the *Alabama*, was waiting to take command of her. A farce was performed there by the British officials, highly to the diversion of the citizens of that dirty little place—Nassau: the *Oreto* was seized by the authorities, and formally released on 8th June. She forthwith completed her armament and coaled up; whereupon, our gun-boats being excluded from Nassau by the order of the Governor forbidding them to take a pound of coal on board in that harbor, she sailed at the right time, and, through the negligence of Commander Preble, succeeded, under the British flag, in getting fairly into the harbor of Mobile.

Here is one pirate, built in a British port, manned by British seamen, sent to sea under the auspices of British officials in defiance of the clearest evidence of her character, received and protected in a British colonial port, armed with British guns, and at last reaching a rebel port under cover of the British flag. If it be unfair to call the *Oreto* a British pirate it would be difficult to conceive a vessel which should deserve that designation.

Let us turn to the *Alabama*, or "290." She was built in the early months of 1861, at the ship-yard of Messrs. Laird & Co., at Birkenhead, opposite Liverpool, England. On 23d June last Mr. Adams acquainted the British Government with the facts. Earl Russell referred the matter to the Commissioners of Customs; and they, under date of July 1, reported that, though she was evidently built for a man-of-war in the service of "some foreign government," and was being prepared for the reception of guns and warlike stores, there was "no good ground for detaining or interfering with" her. Every one in Liverpool, including the Commissioners and Earl Russell himself, knew perfectly well for what "government" she was being built. Yet the British Secretary entirely concurred in the view that there was "no ground for interference," and asked for fresh evidence. This was furnished within a week, but Earl Russell objected to its "legal form," and it was sent back to the Consul to be properly authenticated. Meanwhile the "290" was being made ready as rapidly as possible. On 16th July Mr. Adams, fearing fresh quibbles, took legal advice. Mr. Collyer, Queen's Counsel, one of the highest legal authorities in England, gave a written opinion that the vessel was being fitted out as a rebel privateer, and ought to be seized under the British Neutrality Act. On 22d July this opinion, together with depositions, showing the destination of the vessel, were laid before Earl Russell. On 23d Mr. Collyer, who was again consulted, replied: "It appears difficult to make out a stronger case of infringement of the foreign enlistment act, which, if not enforced on this occasion, is little better than a dead letter." This opinion was likewise forthwith transmitted to Earl Russell. Nothing, however, was done; the excuse which was afterward given by Earl Russell being, that the Queen's Advocate, Sir John D. Harding, was ill. Under the pressure of Mr. Adams's efforts, other counsel was taken, and their opinion was obtained on the morning of 29th July. It was forthwith sent into the Circumlocution Office to be copied, and orders, through the same channel, were dispatched to Liverpool to detain the vessel. We need hardly add that the tenor of these opinions and orders were known at Liverpool long before the official documents arrived, and that the "290," or *Alabama*, sailed to sea on the same day—29th July—receiving her armament off Point Lynas. She made for the Azores, where she met a Liverpool vessel laden with coal and stores, and at once commenced the career of devastation which has made her infamous.

Here is a vessel built in a British dock-yard, by a member of the British Parliament—Mr. Laird; armed with British guns, manned with British sailors; fitted out under the auspices of British officials, in defiance alike of the remonstrances of our Minister and of the Foreign Enlistment Act; going to sea under British protection, and commencing at once her career by the destruction of ten helpless and defenseless whalers. If this craft be not a British pirate, what would constitute one?

There are many things in Mr. Seward's dispatches which must be regretted. The Secretary is altogether too sanguine and too wordy. He is always indulging in predictions which remain unfulfilled, and writing a page where a sentence would answer the purpose better. But the criticism which he provokes soon gives way, on a perusal of these State-Papers, to a much stronger emotion, which is aroused by the uniform tenor of the dispatches of the British Government. There is not a single dispatch from Earl Russell which does not breathe covert hostility to the United States, and an obvious though unexpressed desire for their permanent disruption. The ruin of this country has evidently been the one object nearest the heart of the British Government. It was to secure this object that pirates were fitted out with impunity, in defiance of the laws of England, in British ports; that the legitimate exercise of authority by our blockading squadron was jealously denounced; that the highly proper restrictions laid upon contraband trade between New York and Nassau were made the subject of a formal remonstrance; that every possible opportunity of harassing and menacing us was eagerly grasped. Mr. Dayton's correspondence from Paris shows that the Emperor has all along been friendly to us, and would probably have rescinded his proclamation granting belligerent rights to the rebels but for his pledges to the British Government. Dispatches from almost every court in Europe tell the same story: at first, the cause of the Union was generally popular, but the aspersions of the British press, supported as they were by the official and unofficial expressions of members of the British Government, gradually created a sentiment hostile to us and our aims. But for England there would have been no rebel privateers, no peaceful merchant vessels would have been burned, and public sentiment throughout Europe would have remained—as it was at first—on the side of law, order, established government, and freedom.

England has been sowing, during this past year, a harvest which will some day be reaped at a frightful cost.

OBITUARY.

KILLED, before Fredericksburg, on December 13, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOSEPH B. CURTIS, of the Fourth Rhode Island Volunteers. The Providence *Journal* thus recounts his death:

"He fell at the head of his regiment, while bravely leading it on. The fatal shot could have struck down no nobler or more promising young officer. Though he had attained to so conspicuous a position, and by regular promotions fairly earned by hard and faithful service, he was only twenty-six years of age. He was the son of the late George Curtis, Esq., President of the Continental Bank of New York, and formerly of this city, and was the grandson of Hon. Samuel W. Bridgham, the first Mayor of this city. He was educated at the Lawrence Scientific School, Cambridge, for the profession of civil engineer. When the war broke out he held a place in the Engineer Corps of the Central Park, New York. He promptly tendered his services to his country."

THE LOUNGER.

WHERE WE ARE.

IN the constant criticism upon the delays and blunders of the war we ought, in justice to ourselves, to reflect that the management of every war is furiously censured, and that the comparison between ourselves and the methods of despotic governments is necessarily unfair. In every great war hitherto, since the organization of standing armies, the army has been the controlling element; and it was always the body-guard of the existing government—instituted, indeed, for that purpose. But here there was no great army, and the majority of the officers of what small force we had were either traitorous or doubtful. And from this came one of the chief difficulties of our situation.

Any other great government in the world which should be threatened by a rebellion would find itself intrenched in the regular tradition of the country, in all the complexity of governmental offices and interests, and most strongly in a large, perfectly-armed, and well-disciplined army. This force would at once show a front infinitely more formidable than that of the enemy. At the first intimation it would strike heavily and every where. It would believe the worst, and lose no moment in parleying or hesitating. We have but to see how Austria, the dullest and most brutal of civilized governments, repressed Italy, a distant and utterly foreign country, for more than thirty-five years, and we can calculate the value of this permanent organized military force constantly animated by suspicion.

Now, to go no further, our Government had no military force and no suspicion, even while the enemy was fully resolved and rapidly organizing. When the explosion came there was but one solitary emotion to appeal to, and that was patriotism. But when this emotion cordially responded, and sent as many men as were asked, and would have doubled the number in a week, that was but the beginning. There were men, but they were not soldiers. There were no sufficient arms, or transportation, or equipment. Every thing must be made from the beginning. Contracts were inevitable, and the consequences equally so. A tremendous gale had struck the ship with every inch of canvas spread. There were no sailors, and the passengers were summoned to shorten sail. They might sing out most lustily, "Ay, ay, Sir." They might spring into the rigging, and wish to do every thing in a moment. But the chance was that ship and company would be swamped before they could learn how to do what they were most anxious to effect.

Take the first necessity—the military preparation. Here were thousands of willing men—some, drilled militia, but the mass utterly raw. They must be put into some shape. Who should do it? To whom did common sense instinctively turn? Of course to the existing military leaders. Grant that the chief of them was too old. Grant that his superior military genius had never been proved. Yet he was the man to whom the nation confided its fate. There might be a greater soldier among the people. The village Hampden, the unknown Hannibal, Julius Cæsar, Napoleon, might be only awaiting the summons. Shall we advertise for him? Shall we issue proposals for a Don John, for a Marshal Turenne? Clearly we could only try what was at hand. As when there is a sudden necessity for a doctor or a lawyer or a shoemaker, we do the best we can.

We take this aspect only in illustration of all. It is easy enough now to say that the regular leader was too old; that he did not understand the war nor the exigency; that he did not wish to hurt, but only to frighten; that he was not in earnest; that he was slow, dim, incapable. Yes; but that was the very thing we were to learn, and we could learn it only by experience. We had to try and try and try, and each trial that failed of course cost us most heavily. If, indeed, after proved incapacity, the incapable were retained, the offense was most heinous, and this was too often the fact. But a thousand complications of otherwise perfectly simple courses will readily suggest themselves to any student of our politics, and circumstances, and character.

To say, then, that the rebellion might have been defeated in three months is to say that if the scope of the war had been appreciated; if the army had been large, and drilled, and ready, and the navy likewise; if the leaders had been eminent and skilled; and if, consequently, the policy of the war had been an immediate, severe, and overwhelming invasion of the rebel section, and a war régime throughout the country, then the three months would have sufficed. Yes; but why not begin by supposing that there had been no rebellion?

The picture upon the first page of our last paper but one was itself a sign of the progress of education by experience which the nation is undergoing. It was a portrait of Burnside surrounded by those of his Generals, Sumner, Hooker, Sigel, and Franklin. Twenty months have shown that these are earnest, hearty, able, fighting generals. The Message and the Proclamation are similar signs of another kind. The essential contest is recognized. Emancipation is recommended in detail, and the immediate and unconditional freedom of slaves in States still in rebellion is proclaimed for the 1st January.

There is no doubt that we have disbelieved, and delayed, and blundered. But much of all was inevitable, and the delay has shown us that the contest is in its nature radical. The war began with three parties in the country. It will end with two: that which holds to a government whose corner-stone is Slavery, and that which builds on Liberty.

TO MY COUSIN JOHN.

[CONFIDENTIAL.]

MY DEAR JOHN BULL,—You have one name, but there are really two persons under your hat. One is generous, faithful, liberty-loving, and the other is a mean, exclusive, narrow, and jealous fellow, who thinks that the world was made for England and England for him. It is this last whom you always allow to talk and act for you with other nations. You give him place, money, titles, homage, and servility of every kind, and he permits you to have starvation wages. The man whom he hates most heartily is the one who takes the part of all Englishmen against a few, and who insists that governments should exist by the consent of the mass of the governed.

It is this fellow, your *alter ego*, who hastened to declare that the rebels in this country were equal belligerents with the Government; who inspires most of your papers to tell the most ludicrous lies about us; who secretly sells arms and ammunition to the rebels; who fits out ships to run the blockade; who builds pirates to prey upon our commerce; who, with a hopeless ignorance of the facts and amusing confusion of mind, justifies the rebellion by our revolution, gravely asserting the right of secession, and loftily sneering at what he does not understand.

That the rebellion not only strikes at the very roots of all civil order and the possibility of permanent government; that its avowed object is to open the slave-trade and extend the area and confirm the condition of human slavery—an object which would disgrace Dahomey or a Polynesian Prince—an object, also, which is totally repugnant to the spirit and the history of your own country, is all of no avail, against—what? Why, my dear John, against an organic hatred of our system and principle. For, look at it. The vindication of this Government by the suppression of the rebellion will be the proof of the superior force of a popular to any form of aristocratic Government. It is the justification of John Bright against all Toryism: of the *News* against the *Times:* of John Stuart Mill and Cairnes against *Blackwood:* of the people of England against the aristocracy. Do you think the governing class can think of such a result with patience?

But more than that, our success leaves us with a vast and powerful fleet built in the light of the most advanced science. We emerge from the war not only a commercial but a naval nation, and with a navy of iron. How do you think old Wooden-Walls likes that? Still again, we emerge with a national hatred of the governing influence of Great Britain, but with a vast army and great navy and the habit of war. Nor that only; but this warlike nation, hating England, emerges with the knowledge that it holds fast one hand of England by its cotton, and the other by its grain. Do you suppose that is an inspiring thought for the surly aristocrat, who walks under your hat and calls himself by your name?

But look here, John Bull. Do not for a moment suppose that I confound the generous part of you with the mean. The mean part, although the most cultivated, the richest, the most intelligent, has not hesitated at inventing and uttering the most infamous falsehoods about me. It has called me sordid, cowardly, stupid, mad, ferocious, grasping, unjust. It has declared that I was destroying all guarantees of liberty, and trying to throttle a noble, chivalric, and deserving brother. But it has consoled itself by the thought that financial ruin, starvation, and at last utter anarchy and riot, would compel me to yield to destruction. It has asserted that by waging an infamous war I kept the cotton from your looms and the bread from your mouth. But you have been wiser, though you were the sufferer. You know that a wanton effort to destroy me is making by the growers of cotton, who hope that your want of it will compel you to help them. They have not persuaded you, but they have found the heart of your *alter ego* already theirs.

And now, John, I want you to understand that I know this and honor you. Your cause is mine; for we are both children of the people. I am, to be sure, engaged in a hard fight, but I was never more prosperous. My fields during the year have grown me wheat for the world. My work-shops are active. My cities and towns were never more quiet. Bad men, who are the friends of your enemies here, try to annoy me. I have been forced to learn how to fight while I was fighting, and the delay has caused you to suffer sorely. But here are ships full of food for you, and here are hearts full of sympathy and gratitude. I am overflowing and you are empty; and I am glad enough to have the chance of sending to you a proof of my steady appreciation and friendship. Remember in all time to come that the cause of an aristocracy can never be the cause of the people. I have learned that. It is the aristocracy which is now seeking my life. If it kill me, your hopes are slain. If I conquer it, you may look at me to see your future. Good-by, John.

Your Cousin,
JONATHAN.

THE CONVALESCENTS.

THERE is one military arrangement which should certainly be corrected; and that is the mingling of convalescent and discharged soldiers and deserters in the same camp. There is a great camp, a kind of military settlement at Alexandria, where this is done; and the treatment of the convalescents in particular demands a much more charitable consideration than it has yet secured. The Sanitary Commission is not unmindful of them, but its special function is with the really sick and suffering; and a separate bureau or department might wisely be instituted for this purpose. We hear of one parish that has sent within a few months two hundred dozens of backgammon boards, heaps of footballs, and games of every kind for the amusement of the soldiers who are getting well. Of course any generous hand may stuff the boards with tracts of the most earnest and persuasive kind. But in sending them, don't forget the games and balls. Sick people must play. They can't read tracts all the time. When they have read they must have exercise; and they can not comfortably play checkers with "the Dairyman's Daughter," nor kick "The Midnight Bell" as high as the sky.

And let it be remembered that the longer the war lasts the more stringent is the demand for every kind of supply that has been hitherto furnished to the Commission. The most skeptical now see and confess its great service to the life and health of the army. Its operations, although in conformity to the military departments, are yet carried on independently. Its supplies reached the needy at Antietam forty-eight hours before those of the regular Government authorities; and its traveling hospital and pharmacy and sick commissariat moves in the van of the army. Meanwhile its faithful and devoted agents neither tire nor flinch. The Sanitary Commission is an illustration of the results attainable by the direct application of common sense to the emergency. It is, of course, exactly what the Sanitary Department of the army ought to be. But it was the department which outsiders could equally well organize and conduct. If every department had been managed with a similar sole regard to the accomplishment of its intention, why then—why then, things would have been different.

For the convalescents, also, reading of a pleasant, not professedly pious, kind is also most desirable. Magazines, light books, newspapers, are always welcome. The current illustrated newspapers are especially interesting to them. A shower of such as ours falling into the camp every week would be most refreshing and fertilizing. The veterans like to see the faces of their heroes, and the places where they have fought. But whatever you may choose to send bear them in mind, the brave boys who are recovering from wounds and sickness, fallen to them in serving us with their health and lives.

FEELING THE PUBLIC PULSE.

WHETHER Dr. Barney and Mr. J. Wesley Green are men of straw or not the object of the reports about them is clear enough. They are put forth as feelers of the public pulse. The men who mean that the Government shall be destroyed by surrender to the rebellion endeavor, by spreading the stories that propositions of peace have been offered by the rebels, to ascertain whether the nation is yet ready to end the war with any thing less than actual victory.

The organs of the reaction do not hesitate to throw off the thin veil of loyalty, and to declare that the war can end in one way only; that is, by a convention and negotiation. Now the object of all of us should be to deal with facts. How then can there be a convention or negotiation except by the virtual admission of the Government that it can not maintain its full authority? For if the Government is to be maintained without change there is clearly no need of a convention. If it is to be changed, then the rebellion is successful. Certain citizens have risen in arms against the Government, not because they have been oppressed, but because they think that they may be, and because they do not like a Government which they can not control. If now that Government asks them "Upon what terms will you return to your obedience?" it confesses that it is not strong enough to compel their obedience. But if that be so, the Government will be always at the mercy of any faction which chooses to take up arms. It will be the old story. It will be Mexico.

If the rebels, for instance, should return to their loyalty as citizens because the nation agreed that they should reopen the slave-trade and carry their slaves, without question, into the Territories, we should merely have invited them to demand any other privilege at the point of the bayonet, and we should have justified the rebellion of any other section that chose to believe itself aggrieved. Then suppose that some of the Free States should take up arms and demand that the representation of slaves should cease—would there be another convention, and would they be tempted back by the concession of their demands?

It is true that a really powerful Government has sometimes granted demands irregularly made; and it has been wisely done. But those were grants by conscious power. If the Government had refused and denied those demands through a desperate war of two years, and then granted them, it would be only because it was conquered and could not help itself. We speak of an armistice; but what is it? It is a temporary truce. In this case it would be a truce to give time for negotiation. But negotiation for what? The Government exists, and the rebels make war upon it. Therefore a negotiation can only be an arrangement of terms upon which they will submit. Thus it comes precisely to the same point. If we do not accept their terms, they will take up arms again. If we do accept them, they are the masters of the situation.

They may or may not have made propositions. But as the "Conservative party"—Heaven save the mark!—desire the submission of the Government to rebellion, under the name of negotiation and convention, and, for the sake of obtaining political power, would unquestionably give any guarantee for the protection and extension of slavery that might be required, we propose to hold our own eyes open, and to help others, that every thing may be clearly seen and understood.

WAR-CLAIMS FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

SOME months since an admirable Society was formed in Chicago, called the Protective War-Claim Association, the object of which is to secure to soldiers or sailors and their families any claims for pay or pensions, etc., at the least cost to the claimants.

The field for such a benevolence is evident at once to any one who thinks of the condition of the great mass of the soldiers and sailors, ignorant of legal processes and compelled to rely upon the services of claim-agents, who can do very much as they please, even to buying up the claims at a small fraction of their real value. The sharpers—for, sad to say! even the legal profession is not without such—are and have long been already at their work. Many a faithful fellow from the army or the navy has been copiously swindled. The evil drew the attention of thoughtful men, and by a very simple plan they seek to avoid it.

The first essential is, that the movers and managers shall be men entirely above suspicion of self-interest in the matter; and the second is, that their characters shall be a sufficient guarantee of their active supervision of the operations. A third essential is, that the soldiers and sailors shall know both of the existence of the Association and of the fact that it is managed in good faith, like the Sanitary Commission, for their benefit. Let them understand, therefore, that the precise objects are—1st, To secure their claims at the least cost; 2d, To protect them and their families from imposture and fraud; 3d, To prevent false claims from being made against the Government; 4th, To give gratuitous advice and information to soldiers and sailors and their families.

The members of the Association have contributed a sufficient sum to establish it; and the necessary expenses will be met by the per-centage allowed upon the collection of claims. For the present these are: one dollar for sums of fifty dollars or less; two and a half dollars for every one hundred dollars more than fifty; and upon claims for pensions the smallest possible legal charge. Thus the working of the Association will be the Board of Directors and the claim-agents whom they shall employ.

The great necessity of such a society and its practical benefits are obvious enough. There should be in every State affiliated associations. Chicago begins and New England answers. The head-quarters of the New England Association are in Boston. The Chief Justice of Massachusetts is its President, and honorable and conspicuous citizens of all parties and faiths are among its Directors. We beg every soldier and sailor who may chance to read these lines to remember the friendly hands and hearts that are opened to him, and to tell his neighbor. And how soon will New York move? While our brave soldiers and sailors are delivering us from the hands of rebels let us hasten to save them from those of sharpers.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN Irishman lost his hat in a well, and was let down in a bucket to recover it; the well being deep, and extremely dark withal, his courage failed him before he reached the water. In vain did he call to those above him to pull him up; they lent a deaf ear to all he said—till at last, quite in despair, he bellowed out: "Be St. Patrick, if ye don't draw me up, sure I'll cut the rope!"

A little fellow weeping piteously was suddenly interrupted by some amusing occurrence. He hushed his cries for a moment—the train of thought was broken. "Ma," said he, renewing his snuffle, and wishing to have his cry out—"Ma, ugh! ugh! what was I crying about just now?"

The Irish Parliament, in 1784, sent a bill limiting the privilege of franking to England for the royal approbation. One clause enacted, "That should a member be unable to write, he might authorize another person to frank for him, provided that on the back of the letter so franked the member gives a certificate, *under his hand*, of his inability to write."

A man at Newcastle, who served four days on a jury, says he is so full of law that it is hard work for him to keep from cheating somebody.

A person speaking to a very deaf man, and getting angry at his not catching his meaning, said, "Why, it is as plain as A B C." "That may be, Sir," replied the poor man; "but I am D E F."

"How well he plays for one so young," said Mrs. Partington, as the organ-boy performed with the monkey near the door; "and how much his little brother looks like him to be sure!"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Wednesday, December 10, in the Senate, a resolution directing the Military Committee to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill forfeiting the pay and emoluments of officers of the army during the time they are absent, except when upon sick leave, was adopted. The bill for the relief of the owners of the French ship *Jules et Marie* was taken up and passed. The House bill providing for the discharge of State prisoners, and authorizing Judges of the United States Courts to take bail and recognizances to secure their trial, was taken up and ordered to be printed, and postponed until to-day. Senator Henderson, of Missouri, gave notice that he should introduce a bill to aid the State of Missouri in effecting the emancipation of the slaves of that State.——In the House, the Senate bill providing for the admission of the State of Western Virginia into the Union was passed by a vote of 96 against 55. A resolution was adopted calling on the Secretary of War for a statement of the number and grade of every officer absent from their commands; the number of major and brigadier generals not assigned to actual commands, and the names and grade of their staffs; the number of aids-de-camp that may be dispensed with, etc. The Committee of Ways and Means were instructed to bring in a bill amending the eleventh section of the Excise and Tax law, in order to confer upon assistant assessors the same authority that is possessed by the principal assessors.

On Thursday, 11th, in the Senate, a resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on Finance to inquire into the expediency of allowing Surat cotton to be imported into the United States upon the payment of the same duties as for cotton imported from beyond the Cape of Good Hope. The President sent in a Message recommending a vote of thanks to Lieutenant George W. Morris and Lieutenant John L. Worden, the commanders respectively of the sloop of war *Cumberland* and iron battery *Monitor*, for gallant conduct in the action with the rebel steamer *Merrimac;* referred. The resolution relative to the arbitrary arrests of certain citizens of Delaware was then taken up and discussed till the adjournment.——In the House, a resolution providing armed vessels to convoy ships laden with provisions for the starving operatives of England was introduced, but objection was made to its consideration. The bill appropriating $9500 indemnity for damages received by the French ship *Jules et Marie* by collision with the United States steamer *San Jacinto* was passed. A message from the President, recommending that John L. Worden receive the thanks of Congress by resolution for his gallant conduct on the *Monitor* in combat with the *Merrimac*, such thanks being necessary under the law to advance him one grade in the naval list of officers of the navy, was referred to the Naval Committee. Mr. Roscoe Conkling asked leave to report a bill to establish a uniform system of bankruptcy, with an amendment, in the nature of a substitute, and desired that a day should be assigned for its consideration. Resolutions were offered declaring the President's emancipation not warranted by the Constitution; that the policy of emancipation, as predicated in the proclamation, is not calculated to hasten the restoration of peace, is not well chosen as a war measure, and is an assumption of power dangerous to the rights of citizens and the perpetuity of a free government. On motion of Mr. Lovejoy the resolutions were laid on the table by a vote of ninety-four against forty-five. The House then went into Committee of the Whole and discussed the President's plan of negro emancipation.

On Friday, 12th, in the Senate, a resolution was offered directing the Military Committee to inquire into the expediency of allowing to enlisted men now in the service of the United States, entitled to a bounty of one hundred dollars before the passage of the act of 1862, the same advance bounty as was allowed to enlisted men by that act; and also what legislation is necessary to secure more prompt and speedy payment of the troops in the field and hospitals. The Senate then adjourned till Monday.——The House was not in session.

On Monday, 15th, in the Senate, Senator Davis, of Kentucky, offered a resolution, which was laid on the table, declaring that after it had become manifest that an insurrection against the United States was about to break out in several Southern States, James Buchanan, then President, from sympathy with the conspirators and their treasonable projects, failed to take the necessary and proper measures to prevent it; wherefore he should receive the censure and condemnation of the Senate and of the American people. A resolution requesting the President, if not inconsistent with the public interests, to transmit to the Senate the report and accompanying documents of Hon. Reverdy Johnson as Commissioner of the United States during last summer at New Orleans, was adopted. Senator Wright, of Indiana, offered a resolution, which was also adopted, that the Committee on the Judiciary be instructed to inquire into the expediency of providing by act of Congress that any loyal citizen of the United States, who has sustained damage from the troops of the States engaged in the present rebellion, may set off such damages against any claim or demand against him in any action at law by any such rebellious States, or the agents or trustees of such States, or in any case where such claim or demand is for the use or benefit of such States. A resolution instructing the Committee on Foreign Relations to inquire whether some method can not be devised to manifest the sympathy of Congress with the suffering Lancashire operatives was ordered to be printed. The resolution calling for information relative to arbitrary arrests in Delaware was taken up, and Senator Davis made a speech, arguing that the President had no authority, under the Constitution, to make such arrests.——In the House, a resolution, declaring that in the judgment of the House there should be no legislation changing the existing laws providing for the payment of interest on the public debt in coin, was adopted by a vote of eighty-one against twenty-four, and a joint resolution, that the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States be and is hereby authorized and empowered to pay in coin any portion of the bonded public debt maturing and falling due previous to the first day of January, 1864, was referred to the Committee of Ways and Means. Mr. Colfax introduced a bill to reduce the duties on paper from thirty-five down to ten per centum. It was referred to the Committee on Ways and Means. Mr. Noell, of Missouri, introduced a bill, which was referred, to procure the abolishment of slavery in Missouri and provide compensation to loyal owners. A resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on Ways and Means to inquire into the expediency of revising the tariff, increasing the duty on foreign goods not of prime necessity, so that the importation of foreign goods shall not exceed the amount exported of American growth and manufacture, exclusive of specie. A resolution indorsing the President's emancipation proclamation was adopted by a vote of seventy-eight against fifty-one. The Army Appropriation bill was reported and made the special order for Thursday. The first proposition for peace was introduced by Mr. Conway, of Kansas, who offered a resolution in effect dissolving the Union, and acknowledging the independence of the Confederate States. It was laid on the table—Mr. Conway being the only one who voted in the negative. In Committee of the Whole, Mr. Cox, of Ohio, delivered a speech on the topics of the President's Message and the removal of General M'Clellan, and at the conclusion of his remarks the House adjourned.

On Tuesday, 16th, in the Senate, the resolution censuring ex-President Buchanan for his course respecting the rebellion was laid on the table. The consideration of the subject of arbitrary arrests of citizens was postponed till next day. The death of Representative Luther Hanchett, of Wisconsin, was then announced, the customary resolutions of respect and condolence adopted, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, on motion of Mr. Cox, of Ohio, it was resolved that the Secretary of the Treasury be directed to furnish to the House a statement of the amount of the United States loan created in 1841, and extended by act of April 15, 1842, which falls due during the present year, and also the names of those who are registered as the owners thereof, and such information as the Department may possess as to the actual ownership thereof; and that he communicate to this House a copy or copies of any memorial or memorials addressed to him or to the Treasury Department, proposing or soliciting a special medium of payment to the owners or holders of said loan, and whether he proposes to pay said loan in coin. The consideration of Mr. Stevens's resolution, declaring that the Union must be and remain one and indivisible forever, and that it would be a high crime to advise or accept peace propositions on any other terms, was postponed for three weeks. The West Point Academy appropriation bill was passed. A bill for the removal of the Sioux Indians, and the sale of their lands, was referred. The decease of Mr. Hanchett, of Wisconsin, was announced, the usual resolutions were adopted, and the House adjourned.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We publish on page 830 an account of the bombardment of Fredericksburg, and the successful crossing of the river. On the following day, Saturday, 13th, the fight was renewed. It is stated that 40,000 men of our army were engaged against a large force of the rebels. Franklin, on the left, gained some ground. Sumner, on the right and centre, attacked the first line of the rebel defenses, but was repulsed. The loss of life was very great. On Sunday, 14th, the battle was not renewed. There was some artillery firing in the morning, but it ceased about noon.

THE RETREAT.

During the storm and darkness of Monday night General Burnside succeeded in making good his retreat across the Rappahannock without attracting the attention of the enemy. The artillery was first moved over, the infantry bringing up the rear, and reaching the north bank safely a short time after daylight. The pontoon bridges were then removed, and the communication between the two shores was effectually cut off.

AFFAIRS IN THE SOUTHWEST.

From Cairo we learn that General Hovey's expedition on the Mississippi has returned to Helena, Arkansas. The results of the expedition are one hundred and sixty rebels killed, wounded, and captured, and our loss thirty-four killed, wounded, and missing. The army of General Sherman has returned to Memphis. The rebel army of Mississippi is said to be between Jackson and Canton. General Grant is still at Oxford with his forces.

MOVEMENT IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Twelve regiments left Newbern on 6th, probably to make an attack on Weldon and Petersburg. On 7th two transports and five gun-boats ascended the Chowan River, and a land force of ten thousand were seen in motion from Suffolk, indicating a movement on Weldon.

MORE OF THE "ALABAMA."

According to the news brought by the schooner *Alice*, which arrived at this port last week from Point Petre, Gaudaloupe, the *Alabama* ran into port at Martinique, after robbing and destroying by fire the ships *Levi Starbuck* of New Bedford, and the *T. B. Wales* of Boston. The United States steamer *San Jacinto*, Commander Ronckendorff, being off the port went in pursuit, and found her there. During the ensuing night, however, with the aid of the French authorities, she made her escape. She is said to have since returned to Martinique: the *San Jacinto* is watching her.

WHY M'CLELLAN DIDN'T TAKE RICHMOND.

General M'Clellan was examined last week on the trial of General M'Dowell, and his testimony was of intense interest, detailing, as it did, the plans of the campaign on the peninsula. Among other things he said: "I have no doubt, for it has ever been my opinion, that the Army of the Potomac would have taken Richmond had not the corps of General M'Dowell been separated from it. It is also my opinion that had the command of General M'Dowell joined the Army of the Potomac in the month of May, by way of Hanover Court House from Fredericksburg, we would have had Richmond in a week after the junction."

AFFAIRS IN WEST SECESSIA.

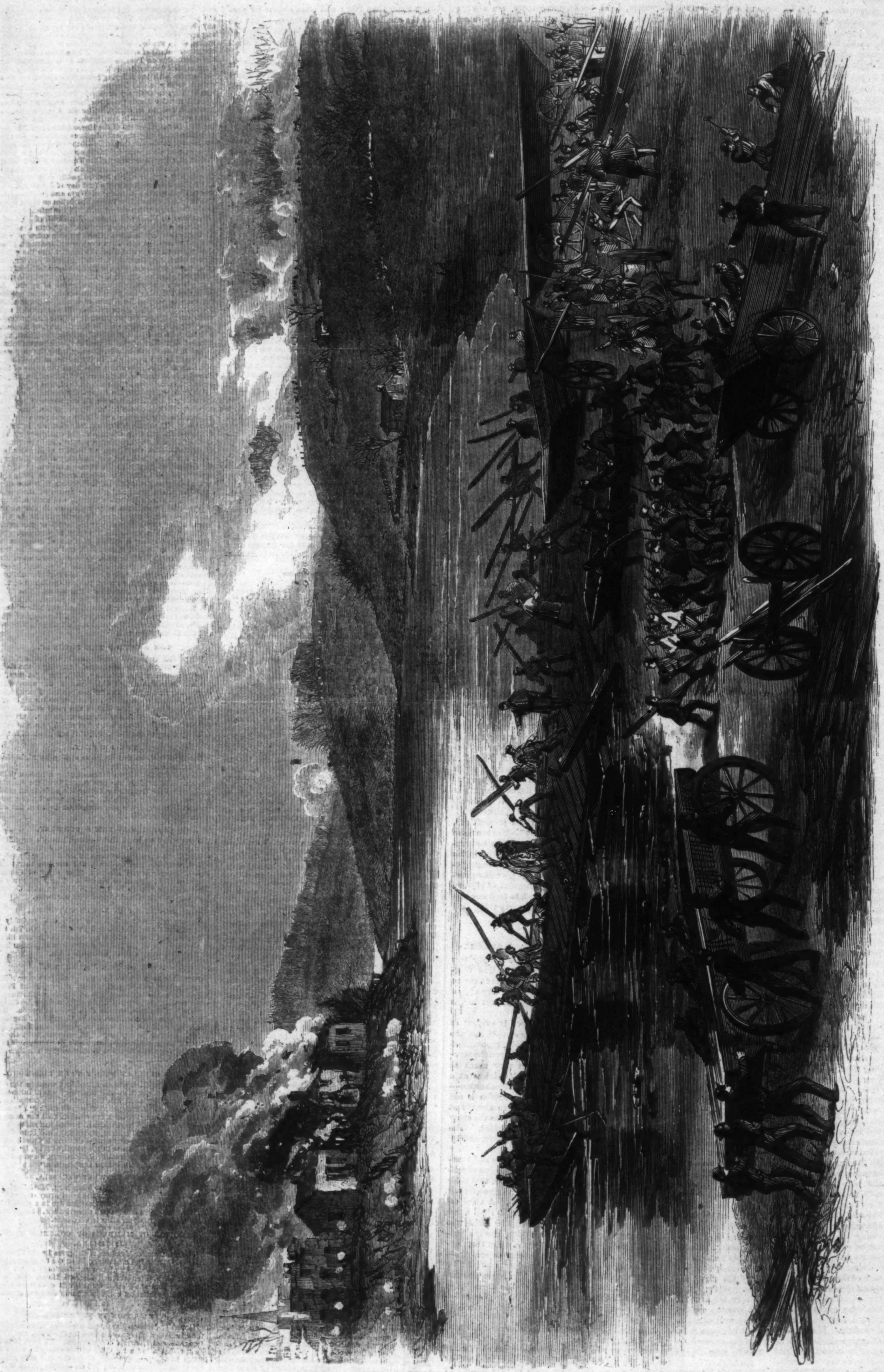
General Bragg has gone to Vicksburg, Mississippi, and Joe Johnston now commands the rebel army of East Tennessee. The citizens of that section are in a state of insurrection against Jeff Davis's conscript law. Large numbers of them are up in arms in Charlotte,

ELECTION OF MEMBERS OF CONGRESS FROM LOUISIANA.

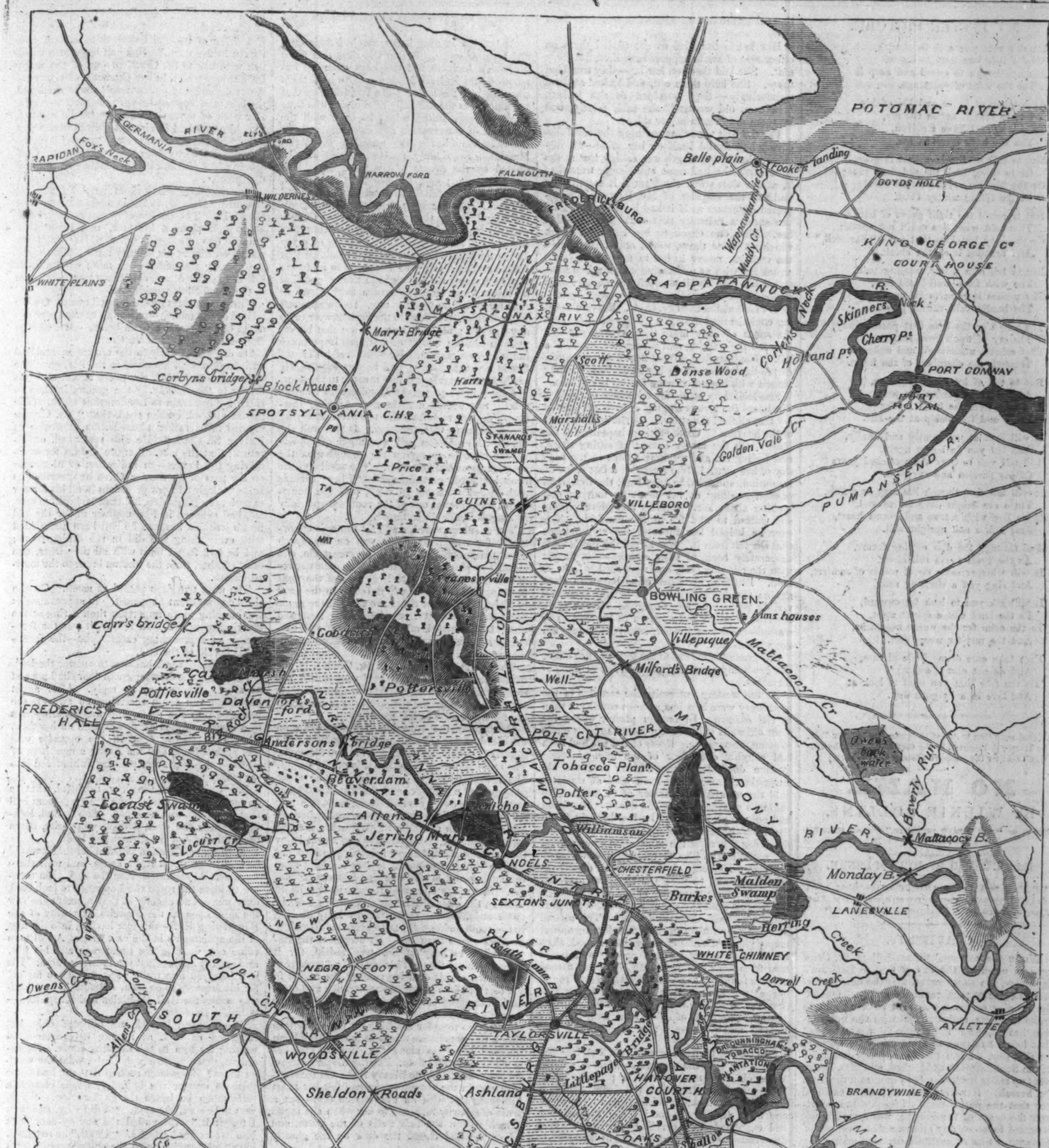
The elections for Members of Congress for the First and Second Districts in Louisiana, held on the 3d instant, have resulted in the choice of two unconditional Union men, Messrs. B. F. Flanders and Michael Hahn. Mr. Jacob Barker, whom the New Orleans *Delta* calls "the negro-worshiping and rebel candidate," was defeated, at which the *Delta* rejoices.

ELECTION IN TENNESSEE.

Governor Johnson has issued a proclamation providing for an election of representatives for the Ninth and Tenth Congressional Districts of Tennessee. He says it is believed that a large majority of the voters in these districts have given evidence of loyalty and allegiance to the Constitution and laws; but no disloyal person is to be permitted to vote.



THE BOMBARDMENT OF FREDERICKSBURG BY THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—[See Page 830.]


POTOMAC RIVER
Belle plain
Fooke's landing
BOYDS HOLE
RAPIDAN
Fox's Neck
GERMANIA
RIVER
ELY'S FORD
HARROW FORD
FALMOUTH
FREDERICKSBURG
WILDERNESS
WHITE PLAINS
Wappowhatta Cr.
Muddy Cr.
KING GEORGE C.
COURT HOUSE
RAPPAHANNOCK R.
Skinners Neck
Cherry Pt.
Holland Pt.
Corbins Neck
PORT CONWAY
PORT ROYAL
MASSAPONAX RIV
Mary's Bridge
NY
Harris
Scott
Dense Wood
Corbyns bridge
Block House
SPOTSYLVANIA C.H.
PO
Marshalls
STANARDS SWAMP
Golden Vale Cr.
PUMANSEND R.
Price's
GUINEAS
VILLEBORO
TA
MAT
Bramsville
BOWLING GREEN
Alms houses
Carr's bridge
Cobbs
Villepuque
Mattacocy Cr.
Cane Marsh
Pottiesville
Milford's Bridge
Well
FREDERIC'S HALL
Pottersville
Davenports ford
MATTAPONY
Andersons Bridge
POLE CAT RIVER
Owens back water
Tobacco Plant
Beaverdam
Potter
Locust Swamp
Allen B.
Jericho Mars
Williamson
Beverly Run
Locust Cr.
NOELS
RIVER
Mattacocy B.
CHESTERFIELD
Malden Swamp
Monday B.
SEXTON'S JUNCT.
Burkes
LANESVILLE
NEW FOUND RIVER
Herring Creek
South Anna B.
WHITE CHIMNEY
Darrell Creek
NEGRO FOOT
Taylor Cr.
Owens Cr.
Folly Cr.
SOUTH ANNA
RIVER
TAYLORSVILLE
Littlepage Bridge
DR. DUNNINGHAM'S TOBACCO PLANTATION
AYLETTS
Allens Cr.
WOODSVILLE
HANOVER COURT H.
Sheldon Roads
Ashland
BRANDYWINE
OAKS
Shallow Cr.
PAMUNKEY R.
Merediths bridge
FARM LANDS
Totopotomoy Cr.
Newcastle
GOOCHLAND C.H.
L. Beaverdam Cr.
PIPING TREE
Beaverdam Cr.
Whipple's CR.
COAL PITS
HUNGARY
ATLEES
CEDAR SWAMP
BROOK RUN
Walnut Grove C.H.
WHITEHOUSE
DOVER
Meadow Br.
Mechanicsville Br.
Tunstall's Cr.
Jones Cr.
JAMES RIVER
BUSH HILL
PLANK ROAD
DEEP RUN
RICHMOND
KANAWAH
CANALS
Black
Summit
YORK RIVER R.R.
POWHATTAN
Manakin
ARSENAL
Fair Oaks
Orchard
Despatch
SCOTTSVILLE
Coal Mines
RICHMOND & DANVILLE R.R.
Seven Pines
Bottoms Br.
ROAD

A Topographical Map of EASTERN VIRGINIA from "Fredericksburg" to "Richmond," taken from tracings (now in the possession of the Government) of the original Railroad Surveys of this portion of the State, comprising the Topography for Six Miles on each side of the track. This is the only reliable Map of this portion of the State ever made.

0 5 10 15 20
Scale of Miles

Charles Sholl Topographical Eng.

MY LITTLE PICTURE.

I HAVE sent you a little picture
Of a face you used to know,
And I ask you to guard and keep it
For the sake of years ago.

As a token of Peace and Friendship,
I have sent it across the sea,
To ask if, as I have forgiven,
You too have forgiven me.

Not to call up the love that is gone,
Or to bring back the sad dead past;
Or the blossoms of hope that faded
In the biting wintry blast.

Not to recall the tight grasp of hands
That told what lips could not speak;
Or the long last kiss that gave "Farewell,"
And branded it on the cheek.

Nor to tell of a weary, wasting pain,
The wish for a well-loved face,
The useless longing to fill once more
The heart's cold vacant place.

The sobs o'er the love that passed away,
The cry of woe's keen smart,
That echoed, unanswer'd and unheard,
Through the chambers of the heart.

But to tell of by-gones forgotten,
And bid thee pardon the past,
And take from the hand I offer
Peace and friendship at the last.

It will look at you gently and kindly,
And bid you be happy again,
And tell you to bury the wretched years
Of our passion and our pain.

It will tell that though life may be weary,
There are bright days for us still,
If we live with a true and honest heart,
And a firm and upright will.

And through the dim coming future,
As the great years roll along,
It will whisper some sweet words of comfort,
And sing you a cheering song.

It will ask you to look far onward,
To the land where spirits meet,
To the calm for the weary heartache,
And the rest for weary feet.

Then take care of my little picture,
And do not cast it away;
'Tis the face that you used to look at
And love in a by-gone day.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN the servants' dinner-bell at St. Crux rang as usual on the day of George Bartram's departure, it was remarked that the new parlor-maid's place at table remained empty. One of the inferior servants was sent to her room to make inquiries, and returned with the information that "Louisa" felt a little faint, and begged that her attendance at table might be excused for that day. Upon this the superior authority of the housekeeper was invoked, and Mrs. Drake went up stairs immediately to ascertain the truth for herself. Her first look of inquiry satisfied her that the parlor-maid's indisposition, whatever the cause of it might be, was certainly not assumed to serve any idle or sullen purpose of her own. She respectfully declined taking any of the remedies which the housekeeper offered, and merely requested permission to try the efficacy of a walk in the fresh air.

"I have been accustomed to more exercise, ma'am, than I take here," she said. "Might I go into the garden and try what the air will do for me?"

"Certainly. Can you walk by yourself? or shall I send some one with you?"

"I will go by myself, if you please, ma'am."

"Very well. Put on your bonnet and shawl—and when you get out keep in the east garden. The admiral sometimes walks in the north garden, and he might feel surprised at seeing you there. Come to my room when you have had air and exercise enough, and let me see how you are."

In a few minutes more Magdalen was out in the east garden. The sky was clear and sunny, but the cold shadow of the house rested on the garden walk and chilled the mid-day air. She walked toward the ruins of the old monastery, situated on the south side of the more modern range of buildings. Here there were lonely open spaces to breathe in freely; here the pale March sunshine stole through the gaps of desolation and decay, and met her invitingly with the genial promise of spring.

She ascended three or four riven stone steps, and seated herself on some ruined fragments beyond them, full in the sunshine. The place she had chosen had once been the entrance to the church. In centuries long gone by the stream of human sin and human suffering had flowed, day after day, to the confessional over the place where she now sat. Of all the miserable women who had trodden those old stones in the by-gone time, no more miserable creature had touched them than the woman whose feet rested on them now.

Her hands trembled as she placed them on either side of her to support herself on the stone seat. She laid them on her lap—they trembled there. She held them out, and looked at them wonderingly—they trembled as she looked. "Like an old woman!" she said, faintly, and let them drop again at her side.

For the first time that morning the cruel discovery had forced itself on her mind—the discovery that her strength was failing her at the time when she had most confidently trusted to it, at the time when she wanted it most. She had felt the surprise of Mr. Bartram's unexpected departure as if it had been the shock of the severest calamity that could have befallen her. That one check to her hopes—a check which, at other times, would only have roused the resisting power in her to new efforts—had struck her with as suffocating a terror, had prostrated her with as all-mastering a despair, as if she had been overwhelmed by the crowning disaster of expulsion from St. Crux. But one warning could be read in such a change as this. Into the space of little more than a year she had crowded the wearing and wasting emotions of a life. The bountiful gifts of health and strength, so prodigally heaped on her by Nature, so long abused with impunity, were failing her at last.

She looked up at the far faint blue of the sky. She heard the joyous singing of birds among the ivy that clothed the ruins. Oh the cold distance of the heavens! Oh the pitiless happiness of the birds! Oh the lonely horror of sitting there, and feeling old and weak and worn in the hey-day of her youth! She rose with a last effort of resolution, and tried to keep back the hysterical passion swelling at her heart by moving and looking about her. Rapidly and more rapidly she walked to and fro in the sunshine. The exercise helped her through the very fatigue that she felt from it. She forced the rising tears desperately back to their sources—she fought with the clinging pain, and wrenched it from its hold. Little by little her mind began to clear again: the despairing fear of herself grew less vividly present to her thoughts. There were reserves of youth and strength in her still to be wasted—there was a spirit, sorely wounded, but not yet subdued.

She gradually extended the limits of her walk; she gradually recovered the exercise of her observation.

At the western extremity the remains of the monastery were in a less ruinous condition than at the eastern. In certain places, where the stout old walls still stood, repairs had been made at some former time. Roofs of red tile had been laid roughly over four of the ancient cells; wooden doors had been added; and the old monastic chambers had been used as sheds to hold the multifarious lumber of St. Crux. No padlocks guarded any of the doors. Magdalen had only to push them to let the daylight in on the litter inside. She resolved to investigate the sheds one after the other—not from curiosity, not with the idea of making discoveries of any sort. Her only object was to fill up the vacant time, and to keep the thoughts that unnerved her from returning to her mind.

The first shed she opened contained the gardener's utensils, large and small. The second was littered with fragments of broken furniture, empty picture-frames of worm-eaten wood, shattered vases, boxes without covers, and books torn from their bindings. As Magdalen turned to leave the shed, after one careless glance round her at the lumber that it contained, her foot struck something on the ground which tinkled against a fragment of china lying near it. She stooped and discovered that the tinkling substance was a rusty key.

She picked up the key and looked at it. She walked out into the air and considered a little. More old forgotten keys were probably lying about among the lumber in the sheds. What if she collected all she could find, and tried them, one after another, in the locks of the cabinets and cupboards now closed against her? Was there chance enough that any one of them might fit to justify her in venturing on the experiment? If the locks at St. Crux were as old-fashioned as the furniture—if there were no protective niceties of modern invention to contend against—there was chance enough beyond all question. Who could say whether the very key in her hand might not be the lost duplicate of one of the keys on the admiral's bunch? In the dearth of all other means of finding the way to her end the risk was worth running. A flash of the old spirit sparkled in her weary eyes as she turned and re-entered the shed.

Half an hour more brought her to the limits of the time which she could venture to allow herself in the open air. In that interval she had searched the sheds from first to last, and had found five more keys. "Five more chances!" she thought to herself, as she hid the keys, and hastily returned to the house.

After first reporting herself in the housekeeper's room, she went up stairs to remove her bonnet and shawl, taking that opportunity to hide the keys in her bedchamber until night came. They were crusted thick with rust and dirt; but she dared not attempt to clean them until bedtime secluded her from the prying eyes of the servants in the solitude of her room.

When the dinner hour brought her, as usual, into personal contact with the admiral, she was at once struck by a change in him. For the first time in her experience the old gentleman was silent and depressed. He ate less than usual, and he hardly said five words to her from the beginning of the meal to the end. Some unwelcome subject of reflection had evidently fixed itself on his mind, and remained there persistently in spite of his efforts to shake it off. At intervals through the evening she wondered with an evergrowing perplexity what the subject could be.

At last the lagging hours reached their end, and bedtime came. Before she slept that night Magdalen had cleaned the keys from all impurities, and had oiled the wards to help them smoothly into the locks. The last difficulty that remained was the difficulty of choosing the time when the experiment might be tried with the least risk of interruption and discovery. After carefully considering the question overnight, Magdalen could only resolve to wait and be guided by the events of the next day. The morning came; and, for the first time at St. Crux, events justified the trust she had placed in them. The morning came, and the one remaining difficulty that perplexed her was unexpectedly smoothed away by no less a person than the admiral himself! To the surprise of every one in the house, he announced at breakfast that he had arranged to start for London in an hour; that he should pass the night in town; and that he might be expected to return to St. Crux in time for dinner on the next day. He volunteered no further explanations to the housekeeper or to any one else; but it was easy to see that his errand to London was of no ordinary importance in his own estimation. He swallowed his breakfast in a violent hurry; and he was impatiently ready for the carriage before it came to the door.

Experience had taught Magdalen to be cautious. She waited a little after Admiral Bartram's departure before she ventured on trying her experiment with the keys. It was well she did so. Mrs. Drake took advantage of the admiral's absence to review the condition of the apartments on the first floor. The results of the investigation by no means satisfied her; brooms and dusters were set to work, and the housemaids were in and out of the rooms perpetually as long as the daylight lasted.

The evening passed, and still the safe opportunity for which Magdalen was on the watch never presented itself. Bedtime came again, and found her placed between the two alternatives of trusting to the doubtful chances of the next morning or of trying the keys boldly in the dead of night. In former times she would have made her choice without hesitation. She hesitated now; but the wreck of her old courage still sustained her, and she determined to make the venture at night.

They kept early hours at St. Crux. If she waited in her room until half past eleven she would wait long enough. At that time she stole out on to the staircase with the keys in her pocket and the candle in her hand.

On passing the entrance to the corridor on the bedroom floor she stopped and listened. No sound of snoring, no shuffling of infirm footsteps, was to be heard on the other side of the screen. She looked round it distrustfully. The stone passage was a solitude, and the truckle-bed was empty. Her own eyes had shown her old Mazey on his way to the upper regions more than an hour since with a candle in his hand. Had he taken advantage of his master's absence to enjoy the unaccustomed luxury of sleeping in a room? As the thought occurred to her a sound from the farther end of the corridor just caught her ear. She softly advanced toward it, and heard through the door of the last and remotest of the spare bedchambers the veteran's lusty snoring in the room inside. The discovery was startling in more senses than one. It deepened the impenetrable mystery of the truckle-bed, for it showed plainly that old Mazey had no barbarous preference of his own for passing his nights in the corridor—he occupied that strange and comfortless sleeping-place purely and entirely on his master's account.

It was no time for dwelling on the reflections which this conclusion might suggest. Magdalen retraced her steps along the passage, and descended to the first floor. Passing the doors nearest to her she tried the library first. On the staircase and in the corridors she had felt her heart throbbing fast with an unutterable fear—but a sense of security returned to her when she found herself within the four walls of the room, and when she had closed the door on the ghostly quiet outside.

The first lock she tried was the lock of the table-drawer. None of the keys fitted it. Her next experiment was made on the cabinet. Would the second attempt fail like the first? No! One of the keys fitted; one of the keys, with a little patient management, turned the lock. She looked in eagerly. There were open shelves above, and one long drawer under them. The shelves were devoted to specimens of curious minerals, neatly labeled and arranged. The drawer was divided into compartments. Two of the compartments contained papers. In the first she discovered nothing but a collection of receipted bills. In the second she found a heap of business-documents—but the writing, yellow with age, was enough of itself to warn her that the Trust was not there. She shut the doors of the cabinet; and, after locking them again with some little difficulty, proceeded to try the keys in the book-case cupboards next, before she continued her investigations in the other rooms.

The book-case cupboards were unassailable; the drawers and cupboards in all the other rooms were unassailable. One after another she tried them patiently in regular succession. It was useless. The chance which the cabinet in the library had offered in her favor was the first chance and the last.

She went back to her room, seeing nothing but her own gliding shadow, hearing nothing but her own stealthy footfall in the midnight stillness of the house. After mechanically putting the keys away in their former hiding-place she looked toward her bed—and turned away from it shuddering. The warning remembrance of what she had suffered that morning in the garden was vividly present to her mind. "Another chance tried," she thought to herself, "and another chance lost! I shall break down again if I think of it—and I shall think of it if I lie awake in the dark." She had brought a work-box with her to St. Crux, as one of the many little things which in her character of a servant it was desirable to possess; and she now opened the box, and applied herself resolutely to work. Her want of dexterity with her needle assisted the object she had in view: it obliged her to pay the closest attention to her employment; it forced her thoughts away from the two subjects of all others which she now dreaded most—herself and the future.

The next day, as he had arranged, the admiral returned. His visit to London had not improved his spirits. The shadow of some unconquerable doubt still clouded his face, and his restless tongue was strangely quiet while Magdalen waited on him at his solitary meal. That night the snoring resounded once more on the inner side of the screen, and old Mazey was back again in the comfortless truckle-bed.

Three more days passed—April came. On the second of the month—returning as unexpectedly as he had departed a week before—Mr. George Bartram reappeared at St. Crux.

He came back early in the afternoon, and had an interview with his uncle in the library. The interview over he left the house again, and was driven to the railway by the groom, in time to catch the last train to London that night. The groom noticed, on the road, that "Mr. George seemed to be rather pleased than otherwise at leaving St. Crux." He also remarked, on his return, that the admiral swore at him for over-driving the horses—an indication of ill-temper on the part of his master which he described as being entirely without precedent in all his former experience. Magdalen, in her department of service, had suffered in like manner under the old man's irritable humor: he had been dissatisfied with every thing she did in the dining-room; and he had found fault with all the dishes, one after another, from the mutton broth to the toasted cheese.

The next two days passed as usual. On the third day an event happened. In appearance, it was nothing more important than a ring at the drawing-room bell. In reality, it was the forerunner of approaching catastrophe—the formidable herald of the end.

It was Magdalen's business to answer the bell On reaching the drawing-room door she knocked as usual. There was no reply. After again knocking, and again receiving no answer, she ventured into the room, and was instantly met by a current of cold air flowing full on her face. The heavy sliding door in the opposite wall was pushed back, and the Arctic atmosphere of Freeze-yotur-Bones was pouring unhindered into the empty room.

She waited near the door, doubtful what to do next; it was certainly the drawing-room bell that had rung, and no other. She waited, looking through the open door-way opposite, down the wilderness of the dismantled Hall.

A little consideration satisfied her that it would be best to go down stairs again, and wait there for a second summons from the bell. On turning to leave the room she happened to look back once more, and exactly at that moment she saw the door open at the opposite extremity of the Banqueting Hall—the door leading into the first of the apartments in the east wing. A tall man came out, wearing his great-coat and his hat, and rapidly approached the drawing-room. His gait betrayed him while he was still too far off for his features to be seen. Before he was half-way across the Hall Magdalen had recognized—Admiral Bartram.

The admiral looked, not irritated only, but surprised as well, at finding his parlor-maid waiting for him in the drawing-room. He inquired, sharply and suspiciously, what she wanted there? Magdalen replied that she had come there to answer the bell. His face cleared a little when he heard the explanation. "Yes, yes; to be sure," he said. "I did ring, and then I forgot it." He pulled the sliding-door back into its place as he spoke. "Coals," he resumed, impatiently, pointing to the empty scuttle. "I rang for coals."

Magdalen went back to the kitchen regions. After communicating the admiral's order to the servant whose special duty it was to attend to the fires she returned to the pantry, and, gently closing the door, sat down alone to think.

It had been her impression in the drawing-room—and it was her impression still—that she had accidentally surprised Admiral Bartram on a visit to the east rooms, which, for some urgent reason of his own, he wished to keep a secret. Haunted day and night by the one dominant idea that now possessed her, she leaped all logical difficulties at a bound, and at once associated the suspicion of a secret proceeding on the admiral's part with the kindred suspicion which pointed to him as the depositary of the Secret Trust. Up to this time it had been her settled belief that he kept all his important documents in one or other of the suit of rooms which he happened to be occupying for the time being. Why—she now asked herself, with a sudden distrust of the conclusion which had hitherto satisfied her mind—why might he not lock some of them up in the other rooms as well? The remembrance of the keys still concealed in their hiding-place in her room sharpened her sense of the reasonableness of this new view. With one unimportant exception, those keys had all failed when she tried them in the rooms on the north side of the house. Might they not succeed with the cabinets and cupboards in the east rooms, on which she had never tried or thought of trying them yet? If there was a chance, however small, of turning them to better account than she had turned them thus far, it was a chance to be tried. If there was a possibility, however remote, that the Trust might be hidden in any one of the locked repositories in the East wing, it was a possibility to be put to the test. When? Her own experience answered the question. At the time when no prying eyes were open, and no accidents were to be feared—when the house was quiet—in the dead of night.

She knew enough of her changed self to dread the enervating influence of delay. She determined to run the risk, headlong, that night.

More blunders escaped her when dinner-time came; the admiral's criticisms on her waiting at table were sharper than ever. His hardest words inflicted no pain on her; she scarcely heard him—her mind was dull to every sense but the sense of the coming trial. The evening, which had passed slowly to her on the night of her first experiment with the keys, passed quickly now. When bedtime came, bedtime took her by surprise.

She waited longer on this occasion than she had waited before. The admiral was at home; he might alter his mind and go down stairs again, after he had gone up to his room; he might have forgotten something in the library, and might return to fetch it. Midnight struck from the clock in the servants' hall before she ventured out of her room, with the keys again in her pocket, with the candle again in her hand.

At the first of the stairs on which she set her foot to descend, an all-mastering hesitation, an unintelligible shrinking from some peril unknown, seized her on a sudden. She waited and reasoned with herself. She had recoiled from no sacrifices, she had yielded to no fears, in carrying out the stratagem by which she had gained admission to St. Crux; and now, when the long array of difficulties at the outset had been patiently conquered—now, when by sheer force of resolution the starting-point was gained, she hesitated to advance. "I shrank from nothing to get here," she said to herself. "What madness possesses me that I shrink now?"

Every pulse in her quickened at the thought, with an animating shame that nerved her to go on. She descended the stairs, from the third floor to the second, from the second to the first, without trusting herself to pause again within easy reach of her own room. In another minute she had reached the end of the corridor, had crossed the vestibule, and had entered the drawing-room. It was only when her grasp was on the heavy brass handle of the sliding door—it was only at the moment before she pushed the door back—that she waited to take breath. The Banqueting Hall was close on the other side of the wooden partition against which she stood; her excited imagination felt the death-like chill of it flowing over her already.

She pushed back the sliding-door a few inches, and stopped in momentary alarm. When the admiral had closed it in her presence that day she had heard no noise. When old Mazey had opened it to show her the rooms in the East wing she had heard no noise. Now, in the night silence, she noticed for the first time that the door made a sound—a dull, rushing sound, like the wind.

She roused herself and pushed it further back—pushed it half way into the hollow chamber in the wall constructed to receive it. She advanced boldly into the gap, and met the night-view of the Banqueting Hall face to face.

The moon was rounding the southern side of the house. Her paling beams streamed through the nearer windows, and lay in long strips of slanting light on the marble pavement of the Hall. The black shadows of the pediments between each window, alternating with the strips of light, heightened the wan glare of the moonshine on the stone floor. Toward its lower end the Hall melted mysteriously into darkness; the ceiling was lost to view; the yawning fire-place, the overhanging mantle-piece, the long row of battle-pictures above, were all swallowed up in night. But one visible object was discernible besides the gleaming windows and the moon-striped floor. Midway in the last and farthest of the strips of light the tripod rose erect on its gaunt black legs, like a monster called to life by the moon—a monster rising through the light, and melting invisibly into the upper shadows of the Hall. Far and near all sound lay dead, drowned in the stagnant cold. The soothing hush of night was awful here. The deep abysses of darkness hid abysses of silence more immeasurable still.

She stood motionless in the door-way, with straining eyes, with straining ears. She looked for some moving thing, she listened for some rising sound—and looked and listened in vain. A quick ceaseless shivering ran through her from head to foot. The shivering of fear? or the shivering of cold? The bare doubt roused her resolute will. "Now," she thought, advancing a step through the door-way—"or never! I'll count the strips of moonlight three times over, and cross the Hall."

"One, two, three, four, five. One, two, three, four, five. One, two, three, four, five."

As the final number passed her lips, at the third time of counting, she crossed the Hall. Looking for nothing, listening for nothing—one hand holding the candle, the other mechanically grasping the folds of her dress—she sped ghost-like down the length of the ghostly place. She reached the door of the first of the eastern rooms, opened it, and ran in. The sudden relief of reaching a refuge, the sudden entrance into a new atmosphere, overpowered her for the moment. She had just time to put the candle safely on a table before she dropped giddy and breathless into the nearest chair.

Little by little, she felt the rest quieting her. In a few minutes she became conscious of the triumph of having won her way to the east rooms. In a few minutes she was strong enough to rise from the chair, to take the keys from her pocket, and to look round her.

A YEAR IN THE SERVICE.

I LOVE excitement. It was mainly to gratify this passion that I joined the army.

"The army! Just the place for a young man of spirit! What a field for adventure is the army! It is the straight road to glory and a woman's heart! Venus and Mars! Helen and Paris! Cleopatra and Antony! Love and war! Fame and patriotism!"

It was such ideas buzzing through my brain that prevented me from making out correctly a rather mixed-up account; and, in a mercurial freak, I dashed down the pen, seized my hat, and skedaddled from the counting-room. When I reached the side-walk it flashed across my brain that an old school chum was recruiting a company, and I at once struck a bee line for his rendezvous, and enrolled myself as one of the defenders of the Constitution and the Union.

When this became known I received sundry congratulations from sundry friends, all professedly strong Union men, to the effect—"You've ruined yourself"—"Thrown yourself away"—"Gone as a private"—"Too bad," etc., etc. But I "didn't see the point" on any Unionism in the remarks of these heroic lip-defenders of the nation—one of whom was self-sacrificing enough to hold an office under the Federal Government—and I returned their greeting as follows:

"Gone as a private! Yes. Am proud of it. Greater the sacrifice greater the patriotism. Go thou and do likewise!"

Then I wheeled to the right about and was off at double-quick, leaving them alone in their glory to speculate upon the rise of molasses, the fall of soap, or whether whisky was steady, and to manifest their patriotism by shouting at Union meetings for the purpose of encouraging enlistments. I was now a soldier of the nation, and did not care a straw about the opinion of the world, his wife, or any other man concerning the step I had taken. Softly—there was just *one* person whom I was somewhat interested to know how the news of my enlistment would be received.

Jennie Tracy was a handsome, spunky, coquettishly-inclined piece of humanity, and with whom I was deeply smitten; but I didn't intend that she should know it until I was well assured that Jennie was "willin'." With all the knowledge I had flattered myself that I possessed of the thousand-and-one meandering paths to a pretty woman's heart, I had been unable to hit upon the right one to reach hers. However, I resolved to let my love lie concealed in the bud until such time as it would have a fair chance to bloom without being nipped by a coquette's laugh.

It was on the eve of our regiment's departure that I called, in full regimentals, to say farewell to the Tracy family. Jennie received me in a manner altogether different than usual heretofore; her countenance wore a more sober cast, and I thought that I could read something of feeling in her full hazel eyes. At least I was conceited enough to believe that I was an object of interest to her; and this feeling was more fully confirmed as I detected something glisten in the corner of her eyes as I took her extended hand and said farewell, and especially as I perceived a sort of huskiness in her voice as she re-echoed the words.

I returned to camp with increased elasticity. I felt that I had at last made an impression on Jennie, and I was happy; my spirits were as buoyant as a newly-made life-boat. I was about to take the field, and I would carve out a niche in the temple of glory for her sake.

I was attached to the cavalry branch of the service, and being a prime horseman, and quick at picking up the drill, I soon attracted attention; and it was not long before I received a warrant in appreciation of my services.

For the first few months I considered that there was more reality than poetry in a soldier's life; but gradually I became used to it, and liked it better as I grew older and saw a fair chance for promotion. The sacred soil of Virginia was hospitable to us if the people were not, for it often took us in, both man and beast, to a considerable depth, and it was frequently the cause of at least one of the Ten Commandments being broken while we were endeavoring to break the back-bone of the rebellion.

It was not until I reached that region which has become famous for its *Stonewall*, the Shenandoah Valley, that I had my senses thoroughly awakened so that I could see the foundation upon which the superstructure of the rebellion has been raised in its true light, without the aid of a Congressional dissertation or a leader in the organ of the party.

A portion of our regiment had been detached for scouting purposes—a service just suited to my nature, full of excitement, hair-breadth escapes, *ad infinitum;* and while thus engaged I witnessed many scenes that caused the blood to tingle in my veins, and which entirely changed my views in regard to a question that has long disturbed the peace of my country.

It was toward sundown of a pleasant day that a detachment under my command halted at a farm-house to procure refreshments, if possible, for ourselves and horses. On entering the kitchen my attention was attracted toward two young girls, who appeared to shrink away in one corner as if in terror that somebody was about to tear them from each other. They were apparently about fifteen or sixteen years of age, neatly clad in dark dresses, and their countenance bore fresh evidence of grief, and I at once concluded that they were mourning the death of some near relative who had lost his life in this unholy rebellion. But when it was announced that we were Union soldiers I observed their features momentarily light up as if with joy, and I was at once impressed that *they*, at least, were not "Secesh." The striking resemblance between them, and the manner in which they seemed to cling to one another, reminded me so forcibly of the twins in "The Wandering Jew," that I instantly christened them, in my mind, as Rose and Blanche. An old negress, perceiving how intently I was watching them, approached, and with a countenance beaming with motherly love as she looked up into my face, in a low tone said:

"Dey am gwine to tuk 'em 'way down South for specumlashun, an' to keep de Linkcum sogers from stealin' em, massa; an' dey don't want to go, poor dear, bressed little souls. Poor tings! Dere ole massa only jest dead."

I started, clutched my hands, while a peculiar tremor crept through my veins as I heard these words; while the old negress, casting a mournful look toward the objects of her sympathy, shook her head as expressive of her sorrow, and I involuntarily ejaculated:

"Great God! is it possible! Are *they* slaves?"

The old negress, with a significant look, nodded her head in the affirmative, and then bustled away.

The fair beings before me slaves! Such things I had never dreamed of in my political philosophy. A slave had always been associated in my mind with a coarse creature with a black skin, an uncouth countenance, a woolly head, and a chain attached to the leg; and the beings before me were fair enough to be my sisters, with finely-shaped features, and a luxuriant head of hair that might cause the envy of any Caucasian belle, while a refined sensitiveness was evident in their every action; and it was some moments before I could bring my mind to realize the truth of what I had just heard.

When I had somewhat recovered from my astonishment I called the old negress one side, being anxious to learn more concerning the two beings in whom I now began to feel a deep interest. She informed me that they, until recently, were ignorant of the stain attached to their birth; that they had been educated and brought up "as white folks;" that their master, whose children "some folks reckoned dey whar," had lately died, and "dat he didn't leab no freedom papers for dem," and that they were seized upon as part of the estate, and were about being taken to Richmond for safety; that they were to leave that night, in company with some other slaves, under an escort from Ashby's rangers.

Here was a dilemma! What was I to do? Take the girls away with me? If so, I would be charged with negro-stealing, and denounced as false to the Constitution and the Union. Allow them to be taken to Richmond? If so, I would be false to my manhood. I thought of Jennie, and could not do it. No, they must not go to Richmond. They must escape from the life that there awaited them, even at the expense of my commission, which I had but a few days before received.

My companions in arms were men of intelligence, and I resolved to lay the matter before them. This I proceeded to do. When I had finished my story they to a man swore that it was my duty to prevent the girls from going to Richmond. If I did not do so I would be giving aid and comfort to the rebels. This was partly my own view of the case.

My plans were soon decided upon; and when our horses were refreshed we left the house without even communicating our intentions to the sisters, for fear they might be whispered to others and thereby reach the enemy. Taking a circuitous route so as to deceive those at the house, we came to a narrow part of the road, admirably suited for an ambush, and along which the rangers would pass, and there posting my little force as advantageously as possible, we quietly awaited their approach. The evening was clear, enabling us to see a considerable distance and pick off the rangers with our carbines without endangering those under their guard.

We awaited in this spot nearly three hours before the word was passed around that the foe were approaching. On they came, totally unconscious of their danger, and were taken completely by surprise. Several of their number were slain, three taken prisoners, and three or four succeeded in effecting their escape. The slaves, among whom were some intelligent men, were uninjured, and were rejoiced at their deliverance. But what to do with them was a question. We could not encumber our future movements with them, that was certain, and it would not do to leave them where they might fall an easy prey to the rebels. It was finally decided that all we could do was to point out the direction of our lines and bid them make their best speed toward freedom. This we did.

After this event I began to feel that I, as a member of the human family, had a greater interest in this war than I had hitherto supposed. My whole demeanor changed; my buoyant spirits gave way to a terrible earnestness of character as I began to realize the under-strata of this rebellion. I now fervently prayed God that in this upheaving of political bodies the whole social system of the South might be swept away and the Union reconstructed on a basis that would be perpetual—one that would never cause a blush to mantle the cheek of an American citizen. This change of character was noted not only by my company but by the regiment, and it was generally attributed to disappointment in love.

I had been nearly a year in the service, and during that time had not heard from Jennie. But though we did not correspond she was not absent from my thoughts. It was just on the eve of an important battle that I learned from an officer who had returned to the regiment after several weeks' absence, who I knew was somewhat acquainted with the Tracy family, that Jennie was to be married. This information I obtained in course of casual conversation. He gave it as a piece of gossip among his female friends. He further remarked that she had made particular inquiries of him concerning a Mr. —— (mentioning my real name—I had enlisted under my middle name only), and that he was unable to give her any satisfaction.

That night I dreamed of Jennie. I saw her the bride of another, and the torment I endured I can not describe. The next day found me in the midst of battle, careless of life, dashing on where danger seemed greatest and death more certain. Night found me on the battle-field severely wounded. Great God, what a night was that! The storm raged furiously; but far above its raging I could hear the moans, shrieks, and cries of wounded and dying comrades. As I lay there I thought that the hour for my departure from earth was fast approaching. My mind wandered back to my boyhood's days. Then my whole life seemed to pass panoramically before me. There was Jennie, Rose, and Blanche. I beheld Jennie as the wife of an ugly, vicious-looking man, and Rose and Blanche in a slave-pen. Then the picture passed on, and I beheld Jennie, Rose, and Blanche together in one group surrounded by smiling faces, and I made an effort to rise and join them; but the effort was too much for my strength, and I fell back exhausted and saw no more.

When I awoke to consciousness I found myself in a hospital. Here I passed three long and dreary weeks, at the end of which time I received a commission as Captain, with the intelligence of "promoted for gallantry on the field of battle." It bore date of just one year from the time of my entering the service. The surgeon assuring me that it would be some time before I would be able to resume active duty, I obtained a furlough, resolved to return and ascertain something definite about Jennie.

Just as I reached the city I met an old friend, who insisted so strenuously upon my making one of a party at his house that evening that I consented.

"Do not fail to come, for *they* will be there," he said, as we parted.

Who were *they?* He laid great stress upon the word. Could it be Jennie and her husband? Yes—it was them. But I would go: as well meet her there as at any other place. It would be better than calling at her residence, for it would appear as if it were accidental.

That evening found me true to my appointment. When I entered the room I saw a number of ladies and gentlemen grouped in a circle, apparently so intent upon listening to a conversation that my announcement was scarcely noticed. In a moment afterward I heard—

"And you never learned the officer's name?"

This was followed by a sudden shriek—a confusion—and the next instant Rose and Blanche were clinging to my well arm, and as I gazed about I beheld Jennie a short distance off looking the picture of amazement.

Explanations soon followed. Rose and Blanche had just finished a narrative of their escape as I entered. They, with the other slaves, had succeeded in reaching our lines, and attracting attention soon reached the city, and were under the patronage of the church to which my friend as well as the Tracy family belonged. Jennie had taken an especial interest in their welfare, and they were the objects of much attention—the lions of the hour.

That evening was a happy one to me—not only in seeing Rose and Blanche in safety and surrounded by friends, but in hearing that Jennie was still unmarried and that I occupied a warm place in her heart.

I am soon to rejoin my regiment, not as a single man but as the husband of Jennie, and write this to encourage young men who are in love that before they despair they should join the army. That is the true road to glory and a woman's heart. Do not wait for a commission; go as a private; for if you do your duty a year in the service will make a great change.

A BATTLE AS SEEN BY THE RESERVE.

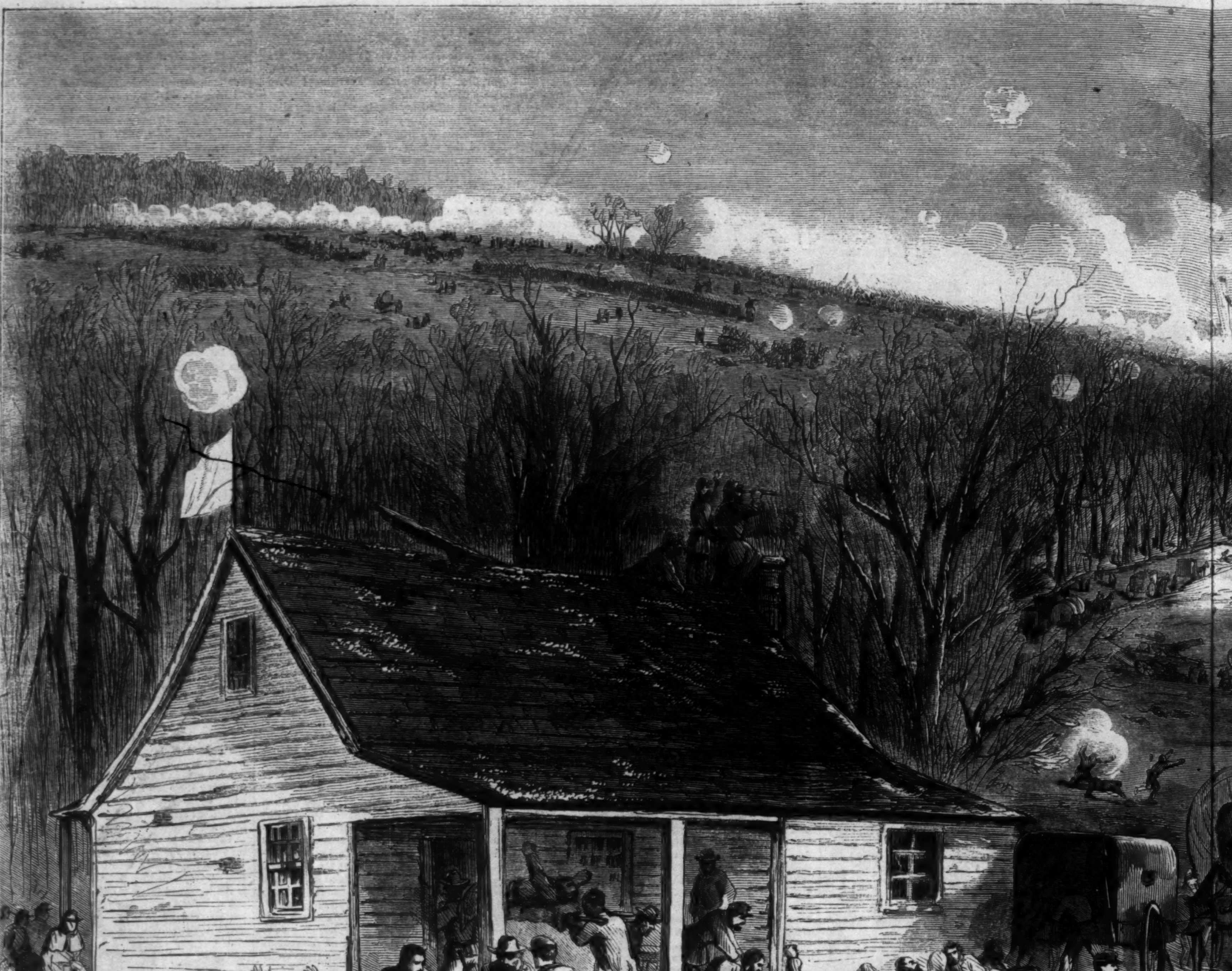
WE publish on pages 824 and 825 a picture of a battle drawn from the station occupied by the reserve. As a general rule, battle pictures represent the shock of the actual conflict; the scenes in the back-ground are often quite as striking and worthy of being preserved. Our artist thus describes his picture:

"The drawing represents a general view of the battle-field as seen by the reserve, the line of battle off in the distance, next the artillery and second line of infantry. To the right there is a battery planted on a little hill. Across the road fresh troops are seen rapidly marching into the woods toward the front to reinforce our worn-out soldiers. Near the centre are generals, with their staffs, watching the fate of the day. The road is blocked up with cavalry, infantry, artillery, and ambulances, going to and fro, carrying their burden of wounded to the rear. On the house seen near the centre are stationed officers with signal flags. To the left is a house used as a hospital, and still further are a batch of prisoners taken off by a file of our men.

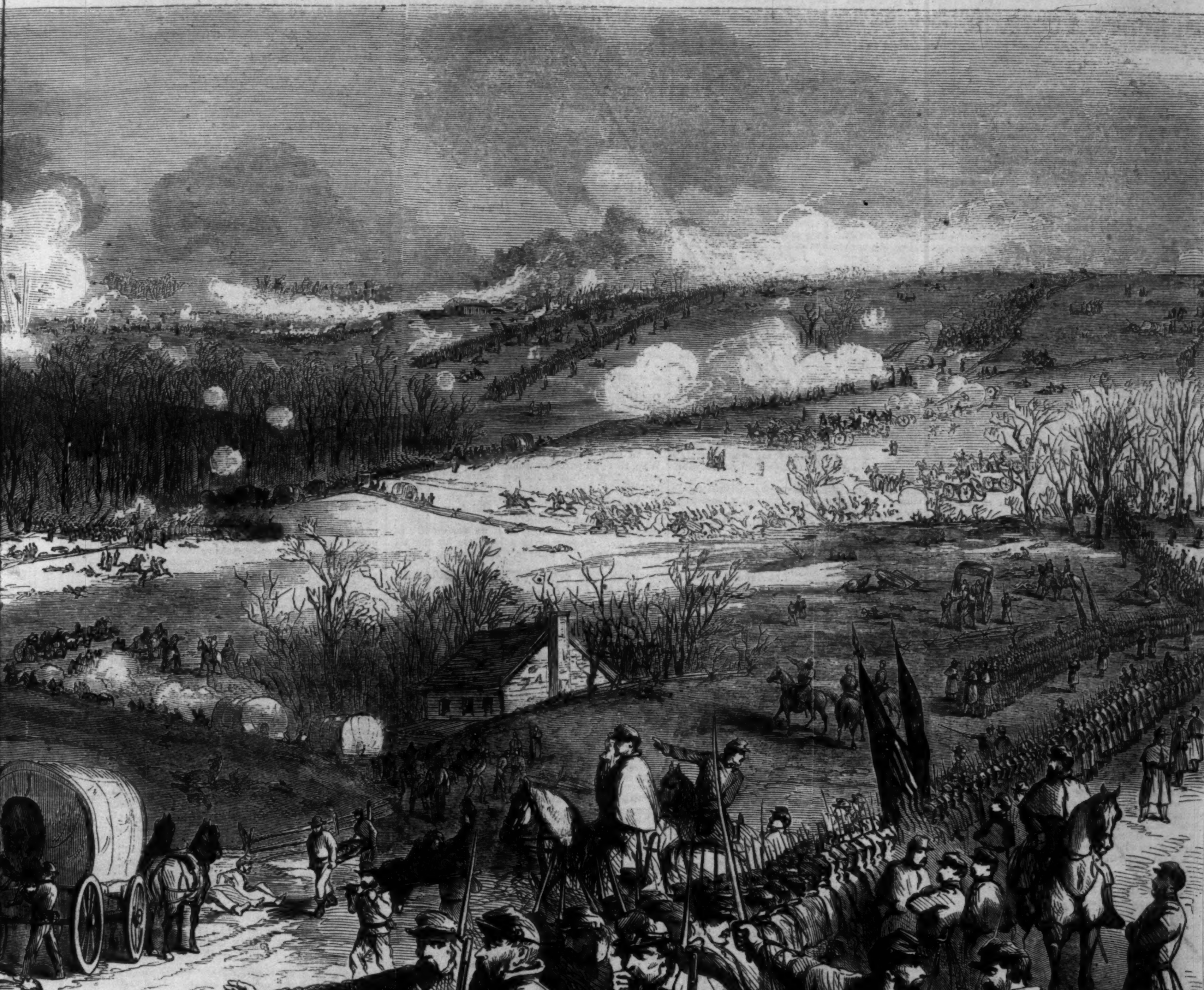
"All this and more is seen by the reserve, patiently waiting until their turn shall come to take part in the struggle of the day. The wounded are brought past them, carried so that their injuries are terribly apparent to those who are forced to stand still and coolly view their sufferings, not knowing how soon the same fate may be theirs. The air resounds with shrieks of agony, and the ground near the surgeon's table is strewed with amputated limbs. Such sights as these make some hearts sicken and sink despairingly; while in others it makes the desire to be avenged burn only the more fiercely, especially when ever and anon passes by the familiar form of a late comrade in arms, fearfully mutilated or crippled for life, or perhaps dying. One poor soldier is borne along, who, in spite of his pain, renders his last tribute of respect to his commander and cheers him as he passes.

"Out of the ambulance and supply-wagon, nearest the hospital, the wounded are lifted one after another, and laid side by side to wail wearily until the surgeon can attend to them. One loyal soldier, who has charge of the prisoners, has captured a rebel flag, and is significantly trailing it in the dust as he walks along."

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



A BATTLE AS SEEN BY THE



IE RESERVE.—[See Page 823.]

Dickens's New Christmas Story.

SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST NUMBER.]

HIS DRESSING-CASE.

The passengers on board the good ship *Golden Dream*, homeward bound from Melbourne, were beginning to get rather weary and tired of their trip. We were only in the fourth week of the voyage; but the month was July, the days were short, gloomy, and stormy; and the sea was covered with those mountainous waves which are to be seen in perfection off Cape Horn. The stout ship went struggling along within six points of a fierce northeasterly gale, quivering like a living creature as the remorseless waves struck her blow after blow. On the log being hove we found that we were making barely two knots an hour; and, to add to our perplexity, a sudden chill in the air, and a peculiar white glare in the horizon, informed us that we were surrounded with icebergs. Before nightfall the violence of the gale had somewhat abated, and the passengers hurried on deck to look at the first iceberg, which was within half a mile of us. It was a sight worth seeing. We beheld an enormous mass of rock-like ice, with a perpendicular wall facing us fully three hundred feet high, against the steep sides of which the waves dashed incessantly. The color of the iceberg was a brilliant pellucid white, except in the deep fissures and interstices, where the hue was changed to cobalt, or on the summits of the precipices, which glowed in the rays of the setting sun with all the prismatic tints of the rainbow.

"Eh! man!" exclaimed an enthusiastic Scotchman. "'Tis joost Edinburgh Castle to the life!"

"What a fortune a fellow could make among the Melbourne confectioners if he could only tow it into Port Philip during the hot weather!" remarked a prosaic colonist.

"Well, it's a pretty sight," said an old lady, "a very pretty sight! But I wish they'd all sink to the bottom at night and come up again in the morning."

"It would be very convenient, indeed, ma'am," answered the third mate. "It would save our eyes to-night considerably, for we shall have to keep a bright look-out."

We passed a very gloomy evening. The wind had almost fallen to a calm, while the sea continued to run extremely high, causing the ship to roll terribly. Every thing that was not securely fixed was flying about the cabin; the destruction of crockery was appalling; and the steward passed the interval between supper and bedtime in a state of despair, chasing cups, saucers, and bottles. Even the four passengers who clung to whist every evening with a devotion befitting the renowned Sarah Battle, were forced to give up their game. Even chess, though played on a board provided with spring fastenings, was found impracticable. The chess-board sprang up bodily, pieces and all, made a somersault in the air, darted into the cabin of a married couple who were putting their baby to bed, extinguished their candle-lamp, and frightened their cockatoo into hysterics.

For myself, I went on deck, and there, sheltered by the pent-house which overhung the main-deck at the extremity of the poop, endeavored to solace myself with a pipe. I was very glad to hear a voice out of the pitchy darkness saying,

"Nasty thick night, Sir."

It was Tom White, an able seaman, and one of the greatest growlers on board.

"What do you think of the weather, Tom?" I asked him?

"'Bout as bad as it can be. If it had kept on to blow it might have took us through all this here ice; but now it's fallen calm the bergs will gather round the ship, just as the bits of stick in a pond get round a dead cat. Ah! Once let me set foot ashore, and you'll never catch me round the Horn again!"

Poor Tom! I dare say he had uttered this declaration five hundred times before, and had always forgotten it when signing articles at the shipping-office.

"I hope they're keeping a bright look-out forward, Tom?"

"A bright look-out! How can they? Why, the night's as thick as a tub of Dutch butter. Then it ain't these big lumps as I'm afeard of. If the lookouts ain't asleep, or yarning, they might chance to see *them*. What I funk is the nasty little sneaking bits of ground-ice, about the size of a ship's longboat."

"Surely they would not injure a stout ship like this, Tom?"

"Stout 'ship? Ha, ha! Why, this is a softwood ship—a regular New Brunswicker. She'd have no more chance again the ice than a chaney cup again a soup-and-bully tin; and then, with all this here copper ore in her inside, down she'd go—and you along with her."

"And you too, Tom."

"Well, I don't know about that. Sailors ain't like passengers. There's the boats to cut adrift. Besides, I'm on deck, and you'd be below, smothered like a rat in his hole."

With a series of parting growls Tom White disappeared in the darkness, leaving me in a very uncomfortable frame of mind. I was half inclined at first to stay on deck all night, but eventually determined to go below, and seek oblivion from danger in sleep.

I envied my cabin companion, the fat German, Schlafenwohl. He lay in profound slumber, while his nose trumpeted defiance to the creaking of the timbers and the dashing of the waves. Taking advantage of a favorable lurch, I clambered up to my berth, which was over the German's head. I tried to think of every thing I could recall to my memory, unconnected with ship-life, but the horrible snoring of my companion and the lurches of the ship destroyed all prospect of repose. I repeated verses from the most soporific poets I could remember. I counted numbers, and got up as far as six hundred and fifty-four, when suddenly the ship rolled more frightfully than she had done yet. I felt that she was heeling completely over, and that the main-yard must be dipping in the waves. A fearful crashing of plates and dishes was succeeded by the still more terrible sound of rushing water. I opened my eyes, which I had until now kept obstinately closed. To my horror I discovered that the port-hole, instead of being at my side, was directly above my head. I unscrewed the port and thrust my head out. I was appalled by what I beheld. The ship was on her beam-ends, and her masts were disappearing beneath the angry sea. There was no time to be lost. Fortunately I had turned in in my day clothes, boots excepted, so I climbed through the port-hole, which barely permitted the passage of my body, and lay clinging to the wet, slippery side of the vessel. A thought struck me. Shall I waken Schlafenwohl? No; I might lose my own life in endeavoring to save his. His ample figure could never pass the narrow port-hole. It is astonishing how selfish men are apt to become at such times. I murmured, "Requiescat in pace," and gazed around me once more.

The vessel was sinking rapidly. Her masts were now entirely under water, and only a few feet of her weather yard-arm were visible. I heard a horrible grinding noise. Peering through the darkness I beheld an immense iceberg crashing against the ship's side. I summoned all my energies, took a tremendous leap, and fell into a small cavity filled with freshly-fallen snow. As soon as I recovered my feet I looked once more around. The *Golden Dream* had disappeared, and nothing was visible save a few dark objects floating on the surface of the water.

I determined to secure one of these objects. "Possibly," I thought, "the harness-casks on deck have broken adrift. They are filled with beef and pork, and the contents of one of them would support life for months." I descended cautiously through the thick darkness to a ledge which abutted directly on the water. The spray of the breakers was dashing in my face, and I trembled lest the frail piece of ice on which I stood should give way beneath my feet and precipitate me into the briny abyss. I stretched out my hand—it was instantly grasped by another hand! I drew back in horror, and the force of my retrograde movement was such that I pulled the person who had clutched my hand completely out of the water.

As soon as I had deposited the unknown individual in a place of comparative safety I demanded his name. The figure drew a long breath, and replied, "Julius Schlafenwohl."

I staggered back in astonishment, and exclaimed, "Why, good Heaven, how came you here?"

"Very easily, my friend. You see I am a good diver and schvimmer, and I took my time about it."

"Why, you've got a long rope tied round your body!"

"Pull hart upon it and see vat you will bring op."

I hauled as he bade me, and presently landed on the iceberg a large case.

"You see," continued the German, "I am never in a hurry. Ven de sheep turned over, I turned out of my bairt myself, and den I tink to myself, Julius, you vill vant etwas essen, so I filled dis box with prog and schvam qvietly up the cabin stairs."

"My dear Schlafenwohl!" I exclaimed, embracing him, "how delighted I am to have been the means of saving your life!"

"Vell, I don't know about dat," responded the stolid German, dryly; "I could have saved myself. You see, my friend, the prog is just enough for vun—no more."

"My noble fellow!" I replied, "do not harbor such selfish thoughts. Remember we are brothers in adversity, and should help each other."

"Vot can *you* help *me* to?" asked Schlafenwohl, with a touch of sarcasm.

I stammered, "I—I've nothing, but—yes! I have a pound of tobacco! I bought it of the steward today, and here it is safe in the pocket where I put it."

"Ju—vivallera!" shouted the German, enthusiastically, "dat is just vot I have not got. Yes, my friend, we will swear brothership, and share our goods together."

"Agreed," I replied.

Schlafenwohl laid himself down with a pillow of snow for his head, and was presently snoring as tranquilly as if in his own beloved fatherland, with a federbett of the finest down to cover him. The peril of my position prevented me from sleeping. I sat down on a corner of icy rock, and took the liberty of resting my semi-frozen feet on Schlafenwohl's expansive body. I soon began to feel more comfortable. I lighted a pipe (my matches were fortunately in a water-proof case), and anxiously awaited the coming of daylight.

As I sat thus, I began to reflect on my hardness of heart. I had not bestowed a thought on the rest of the passengers, or on the crew, and yet they had probably all perished. But they had met with a sudden and speedy death, whereas I was doomed to a slow and lingering torture. Even supposing that we had a sufficiency of provisions, what prospect of rescue would remain when the last fragment of the iceberg should crumble away under the ceaseless action of the waves? Another and far greater probability was still more appalling. The durability of the iceberg would probably far outlast our store of food. I strove to realize the dreadful situation. Two human beings floating at the caprice of the wind and waves on a frail deceptive mass of crystallized water, glaring at one another with famine-stricken eyes. At length it would become necessary to cast lots and decide which should slay the other. Horrible thought! I withdrew my feet hastily from the German's body and sat, with my head bowed upon my knees, brooding. Exhausted nature yielded, and I fell asleep.

When I awoke it was broad daylight. At first I gazed around me with astonishment, as one usually does after sleeping in a strange place, and then proceeded to examine the iceberg. We had been reposing in a small valley, surrounded on every side but the one from which I had entered by steep rocks of slippery ice from sixty to eighty feet in height. We were thus completely sheltered from the piercing wind, while even the dash of the breakers was barely distinguishable. I advanced a few paces along the path of ingress for the purpose of viewing the ocean, and there found Schlafenwohl ensconced in a corner industriously combing out his flaxen beard by the aid of a pocket-mirror stuck in a crevice of the icy rocks. He was singing Kennst du das Land, and saluted me with cheerful calmness.

We breakfasted on a couple of sardines and half a biscuit, slaking our thirst at one of the numerous rills which trickled down the slowly melting rocks. There was something alarming in the idea of thus making a beverage of the house we lived in. Every gallon of water that welled away represented some six cubic inches of our fragile habitation. If this liquefaction took place in those high southern latitudes, with the temperature scarcely over forty degrees, how rapidly would our floating ark dissolve as we approached the line! If, on the other hand, we drifted antarctically, we ran the risk of being hopelessly frozen up in regions far beyond the haunts of any human creature. These terrible reflections passed through my mind while I was manufacturing, with the assistance of a pocket-knife and the lid of a deal box, a pair of sandals to protect my feet from the chilling surface of the ice. This task completed, I proposed to Schlafenwohl that we should ascend the rocks for the purpose of further ascertaining the extent of the iceberg. He assented, and, after two hours' hard work, principally spent in cutting steps for our feet with our knives, we gained the summit.

The panorama was grand in the extreme. We were full three hundred feet above the surface of the sea, which extended in every direction around us, studded at intervals with icebergs of every imaginable shape and size. Our own island was about a mile in circumference, and presented a series of ridges and valleys at irregular distances. We stood, as it were, in the centre of a gigantic starfish, whose seven rays were represented by seven rocky back-bones, between each of which lay a deep and sheltered valley. The wind blew with great violence at the exposed point where we stood, and, as I have not a remarkable steady head, I did not care to venture too near the edge of any one of the seven abysses below. But the German insisted on it.

"Mr. Monkhouse," said he, "I vish you vould look over into our valley."

"Why?"

"I tink somebody, in our absence, may be plondering our prog-box."

"Nonsense!" I answered. "You talk as if you were on the top of the Righi."

"Vell, my friend, you vill oblige me by doing it. I am too stout to venture."

I crawled on my hands and knees until my face hung immediately over a perpendicular descent of three hundred feet. To my astonishment I beheld two human figures actively engaged in examining the contents of our invaluable chest.

I reported progress to Schlafenwohl, who became frightfully agitated. He gave vent to sundry Teutonic imprecations, and descended the face of the cliff in the most reckless manner, reaching the bottom some seconds before myself.

When I arrived I heard voices engaged in loud altercation.

"Vy, you Tom Vite, you are no better dan a tief. Dat is my box."

"That ain't your private bread," replied Tom, holding up a biscuit. "That's ship's bread. Ain't it, Bill Atkins?"

"Ay," said Atkins. "Besides, you'd never go for to keep all this tucker to your own cheek. Why, there's a parcel of women and children in the next hollow to this as has had no breakfast yet."

"What! More people saved?" I exclaimed.

"Of course there is," said Tom; "when the iceberg drifted alongside, me and Bill here stood on the bulwarks as the ship heeled over, and passed the passengers in as nicely as if we was off Blackwall Pier. There may be a lot more for aught I know in the t'other walleys. I've been busy navigating the ship."

"Navigating de sheep!" cried Schlafenwohl, "vot do you mean?"

"Why, I've got a pocket-compass here, and I've been heaving the log," said Tom. "We're steering nor'-east-and-by-north, and going thirteen knots. If this breeze lasts four-and-twenty hours we shall go smack into the Falkland Islands."

"What has become of the skipper, Tom," I asked, "and of the other officers?"

"I don't know," answered Tom; "they may be aboard the berg, and they mayn't. Anyway, I'm the only able seaman in her that I know of, so I've took the command."

The adventures of the last few hours had altered Tom White considerably for the better. From a grumbling sulking discontented fellow, he had been transformed into a smart active energetic commander. I verily believe he looked upon the iceberg as an actual ship, and so—barring masts, sails, and rudder—she was.

"Now, Mr. Monkhouse," continued Tom, "you'll please take your orders from me. I can see you're a sharp chap by the way you've made them iceshoes and cut them steps in the rock-face. Go up to the mast-head, and see what you can make of the other valleys. The next one to this I know all about; that's my head-quarters."

"Ay, ay, Sir," I replied, in true nautical style, and once more clambered the rocks. I invited Schlafenwohl to accompany me, but he declined. On reaching "the mast-head," as Tom styled it, I selected a valley to which the descent was sloping and easy, the sides being deeply covered with snow. Down the surface of this I glided quite comfortably, and in a few seconds reached the bottom.

At first no human being was visible, but on turning an angle of the cliff I beheld a singular sight.

Mrs. Robinson, the old lady who on the previous evening had wished that the icebergs would all sink to the bottom in the night-time and only come up by daylight, was seated crouching on the ground in a state of the utmost terror, holding a large green umbrella over her head. Close beside her reposed an enormous walrus, at least twelve feet long, blinking sleepily at the frightened dame, and looking as little inclined for mischief as a domestic cat on a hearth-rug. Laying my finger on my lips to enjoin silence, I fastened a rope (which I had brought with me) round Mrs. Robinson's waist, and then proceeded to toil up the slope. I should never have reached the top with her dead weight behind me but for the umbrella, which I used as an alpenstock. On gaining the summit, Mrs. Robinson vowed that she could never go down "them slippery steps;" so, aided by Bill Atkins, to whom I made signals for assistance, we lowered her safely by a long cable into the women and children's valley.

"Mr. Monkhouse," said Bill, "we must have that walrus. Even if we can't eat his flesh, we can make a roaring bonfire of his blubber, and the poor women and children are perishing with cold."

"Ay, ay, Sir."

So up three or four of us climbed again, armed with knives and cask-staves. We reached the summit and descended into the valley safely. The walrus was seated as placidly as before. He seemed to be making a journey northward to visit some of his Falkland Island acquaintance, and to look upon the iceberg as an admirable species of public conveyance—cheap, swift, and comfortable. He was, however, apparently fonder of the society of ladies than of gentlemen. As soon as he saw us approach, flourishing our weapons, he turned over on his side, and quietly rolled into the sea. Our party, chagrined at the cool manner in which he had given us the slip, returned slowly and disconsolately, communicating the result of our proceedings to Tom White.

"Never mind the walrus, boys," said that energetic commander, who was in high spirits. "She's going fifteen knots, if she's going an inch. Mr. Monkhouse," he continued, in a whisper, "you ain't seen the skipper?"

"No, there are no signs of him."

"Well, if he was aboard I'd guarantee to bring him in safe. And he couldn't do better nor what I'm doing now."

What Tom White was doing to assist our progress it would be hard to say; though he himself firmly believed that every thing depended on his exertions.

Evening was coming on. "Mr. Monkhouse," said Tom, "you're the best hand I've got aboard the ship. How do you feel about the legs?"

"Rather stiff."

"Bill Atkins," said Tom, "serve out a tot of grog to Mr. Monkhouse. It's very precious liquor, for we've only one bottle aboard; but he deserves a drop."

I swallowed the proffered refreshment, when Tom said:

"Now I want you to go aloft again, to look out for land."

"Ay, ay, Sir," I replied, cheerfully, and clambered up like a chamois.

"Land ho!" I called. My distance from Tom was upward of three hundred feet; but ice must be an excellent conductor of sound, for I could hear Tom's answer quite distinctly above the whistling of the wind and the roaring of the waves.

"Where away?"

"On the weather-bow, Sir."

"All right. Stop aloft, and say what it looks like as we get nearer."

A furious gale was now blowing from sou'-sou'-west, and I was obliged to crouch on my hands and knees to avoid being hurled into one of the chasms beneath. Our gallant iceberg churned through the dark water at railroad speed, leaving a long white track of foam miles astern. My fear now was that, at the rate we were going—which could be little short of twenty miles an hour—we should be dashed on the rocks. To my great joy, as we neared the land, I perceived an extensive opening in the cliffs. I described it as accurately as I could to the watchful commander below. He presently came aloft and stood at my side.

"Port Stephens!" he exclaimed, "by all that's merciful! It lies in the sou'-west corner of the main island. Now comes the ticklish time. If we touch the rocks on either side we shall be knocked to splinters."

The excitement on board the iceberg was intense. I will not attempt to describe it. Just as night fell we entered the harbor. Had our gallant craft been steered by the most skillful helmsman in the British Navy she could not have kept a better course. Tom White rubbed his hands with delight, and appropriated all the honor and glory to himself. As soon as we were fairly inside the harbor, and under the shelter of the cliffs, the force of the wind abated. Fortunately, too, there was a strong current setting out of the harbor, right in the teeth of the wind. We hove the log, and found she was going five knots; we hove it again, a few minutes later, and she was barely making two knots; in a quarter of an hour from that time a low grinding noise was heard, and we grounded on an extensive sand-bank in the centre of the harbor. We were obliged to remain there patiently during the night, as we had no means of communicating, by signal or otherwise, with the shore. We had matches, but the whole of our available fuel amounted to a deal board or two, and so small a fire would, probably, have attracted no observation. We passed a nervous, miserable night, and the poor women and children especially. As the iceberg grated backward and forward on the top of the bank we feared she was going to pieces; but her timbers (to speak metaphorically) were well put together, and she held out bravely until morning.

Never in my life did I feel so glad to see the day dawn. We were unspeakably delighted at about sunrise to observe several boats putting out from the settlement. The people in them had put off (it seemed when they came alongside) from motives of curiosity to visit the iceberg, but were perfectly astonished at finding her freighted with passengers.

The official in charge of the boats said, "We must observe some discipline in getting the people on board, or we shall have the boats swamped. Where is the captain?"

"I am the captain," quoth Tom White, boldly.

"Then, Sir, perhaps you will have the kindness to arrange your people in detachments."

Tom bustled about with great pomp, looking fully two inches taller after having been called "Sir," and having been addressed so politely by the government officer.

By this time more boats had arrived from shore, and the scanty population of the port were to be seen running to and fro like ants whose nest had been disturbed.

"Are these all your crew and passengers, captain?" asked the governor of the island, as he stepped aboard the iceberg.

"Hall, your worship," answered Tom, apparently with some indistinct impressions of veneration, derived from the Thames Police Court; "the others," he continued, solemnly, "has met a watery grave."

"Beg your pardon, Sir," said a boatman, touching his cap to Tom White, "but there's a lot more people t'other side the berg."

A rush of boats immediately gave way with a will to the spot indicated, and presently returned, bringing off the captain, chief mate, second mate, third mate, boatswain, doctor, steersman, and midshipmen. Being in the after-part of the ship when the catastrophe occurred they had all leaped on board the iceberg together. And it seemed that we had searched six valleys, but had omitted to examine the seventh.

Poor Tom White! I believe he was a kind-hearted fellow, and well-pleased to find that not a single life had been sacrificed on board the *Golden Dream*; and yet I am sure he was sorry to see the captain again. He spoke not a word on his way to the shore, but hung down his head and looked much depressed. In the evening, however, under the influence of a liberal libation of grog from His Excellency the Governor, he recovered his spirits, and described his manner of navigating the iceberg into port in terms which I think no Falkland Islander will ever forget. As for the iceberg, I understand that she remained for many months grounded on the sand-bank; at length, under the influence of numerous storms of rain, the ceaseless dashing of the waters, and the warmth of the chilly southern summer, she crumbled to pieces and disappeared.

We were all placed on board a Californian trader bound for New York. Here I parted from Schlafenwohl, who had determined to settle in the United States. There was some slight coolness between us. I had positively declined to share the same cabin with him on account of his snoring, and the worthy German was offended. Consequently I proceeded to Liverpool by the Cunard steamer from Boston alone. On reaching London I at once forwarded a written statement of our extraordinary escape to the Committee at Lloyd's. It was authenticated by Tom White's mark; as he, like many other great men, was unable to read or write. A few days afterward I received a requisition to attend before the Committee of Lloyd's, which I at once obeyed, when the following conversation ensued between myself and the Chairman:

"Pray, Mr. Monkhouse, is your family of German origin?"

"No, Sir; we have been settled for centuries in East Kent."

"Oh, I beg your pardon; I thought the name of Monkhouse might have been a corruption of the name of a certain Baron whose extraordinary adventures have long been known to the public."

HIS BROWN-PAPER PARCEL.

My works are well known. I am a young man in the Art line. You have seen my works many a time, though it's fifty thousand to one if you have seen me. You say you don't want to see me? You say your interest is in my works, and not in me? Don't be too sure about that. Stop a bit.

Let us have it down in black and white at the first go off, so that there may be no unpleasantness or wrangling afterward. And this is looked over by a friend of mine, a ticket-writer, that is up to literature. I am a young man in the Art line—in the Fine Art line. You have seen my works over and over again, and you have been curious about me, and you think you have seen me. Now, as a safe rule, you never have seen me, and you never do see me, and you never will see me. I think that's plainly put—and it's what knocks me over.

If there's a blighted public character going, I am the party.

It has been remarked by a certain (or an uncertain) philosopher, that the world knows nothing of its greatest men. He might have put it plainer if he had thrown his eye in my direction. He might have put it, that while the world knows something of them that apparently go in and win, it knows nothing of them that really go in and don't win. There it is again in another form—and that's what knocks me over.

Not that it's only myself that suffers from injustice, but that I am more alive to my own injuries than to any other man's. Being, as I have mentioned, in the Fine Art line, and not the Philanthropic line, I openly admit it. As to company in injury, I have company enough. Who are you passing every day at your Competitive Excruciations? The fortunate candidates whose heads and livers you have turned upside-down for life? Not you. You are really passing the Crammers and Coaches. If your principle is right, why don't you turn out to-morrow morning with the keys of your cities on velvet cushions, your musicians playing and your flags flying, and read addresses to the Crammers and Coaches on your bended knees, beseeching them to come out and govern you? Then, again, as to your public business of all sorts, your Financial statements, and your Budgets; the Public knows much, truly, about the real doers of all that! Your Nobles and Right Honorables are first-rate men? Yes, and so is a goose a first-rate bird. But I'll tell you this about the goose—you'll find his natural flavor disappointing without stuffing.

Perhaps I am soured by not being popular? But suppose I AM popular. Suppose my works never fail to attract. Suppose that whether they are exhibited by natural light or by artificial, they invariably draw the public. Then no doubt they are preserved in some Collection? No they are not; they are not preserved in any Collection. Copyright? No, nor yet copyright. Any how they must be somewhere? Wrong again, for they are often nowhere.

Says you, "At all events you are in a moody state of mind, my friend." My answer is, I have described myself as a public character with a blight upon him—which fully accounts for the curdling of the milk in *that* cocoa-nut.

Those that are acquainted with London are aware of a locality on the Surrey side of the river Thames called the Obelisk, or more generally, the Obstacle. Those that are not acquainted with London will also be aware of it, now that I have named it. My lodging is not far from that locality. I am a young man of that easy disposition that I lie abed till it's absolutely necessary to get up and earn something, and then I lie abed again till I have spent it.

It was on an occasion when I had had to turn to with a view to victuals that I found myself walking along the Waterloo Road, one evening after dark, accompanied by an acquaintance and fellow-lodger in the gas-fitting way of life. He is very good company, having worked at the theatres, and indeed he has a theatrical turn himself and wishes to be brought out in the character of Othello; but whether on account of his regular work always blacking his face and hands more or less I can not say.

"Tom," he says, "what a mystery hangs over you!"

"Yes, Mr. Click"—the rest of the house generally give him his name, as being first, front, carpeted all over, his own furniture, and if not mahogany, an out-and-out imitation—"Yes, Mr. Click, a mystery does hang over me."

"Makes you low, you see, don't it?" says he, eying me sideways.

"Why yes, Mr. Click, there are circumstances connected with it that have," I yielded to a sigh, "a lowering effect."

"Gives you a touch of the misanthrope too, don't it?" says he. "Well, I'll tell you what. If I was you I'd shake it off."

"If I was you I would, Mr. Click; but if you was me you wouldn't."

"Ah!" says he, "there's something in that."

When we had walked a little further he took it up again by touching me on the chest.

"You see, Tom, it seems to me as if, in the words of the poet who wrote the domestic drama of the Stranger, who had a silent sorrow there."

"I have, Mr. Click."

"I hope, Tom," lowering his voice in a friendly way, "it isn't coining, or smashing?"

"No, Mr. Click. Don't be uneasy."

"Nor yet forg—" Mr. Click checked himself, and added, "counterfeiting any thing, for instance?"

"No, Mr. Click. I am lawfully in the Art line—Fine Art line—but I can say no more."

"Ah! Under a species of star? A kind of a malignant spell? A sort of a gloomy destiny? A canker-worm pegging away at your vitals in secret, as well as I make it out?" said Mr. Click, eying me with some admiration.

I told Mr. Click that was about it, if we came to particulars; and I thought he appeared rather proud of me.

Our conversation had brought us to a crowd of people, the greater part struggling for a front place from which to see something on the pavement, which proved to be various designs executed in colored chalks on the pavement-stones, lighted by two candles stuck in mud sconces. The subjects consisted of a fine fresh salmon's head and shoulders, supposed to have been recently sent home from the fishmonger's; a moonlight night at sea (in a circle); dead game; scroll-work; the head of a hoary hermit engaged in devout contemplation; the head of a pointer smoking a pipe; and a cherubim, his flesh creased as in infancy, going on a horizontal errand against the wind. All these subjects appeared to me to be exquisitely done.

On his knees on one side of this gallery, a shabby person of modest appearance who shivered dreadfully (though it wasn't at all cold), was engaged in blowing the chalk dust off the moon, toning the outline of the back of the hermit's head with a bit of leather, and fattening the down-stroke of a letter or two in the writing. I have forgotten to mention that writing formed a part of the composition, and that it also—as it appeared to me—was exquisitely done. It ran as follows, in fine round characters: "An honest man is the noblest work of God. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0. £. s. d. Employment in an office is humbly requested. Honor the Queen. Hunger is a 0 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 sharp thorn. Chip chop, cherry chop, fol de rol de ri do. Astronomy and mathematics. I do this to support my family."

Murmurs of admiration at the exceeding beauty of this performance went about among the crowd. The artist having finished his touching (and having spoiled those places), took his seat on the pavement with his knees crouched up very nigh his chin; and half-pence began to rattle in.

"A pity to see a man of that talent brought so low: ain't it?" said one of the crowd to me.

"What he might have done in the coach-painting, or house-decorating!" said another man, who took up the first speaker because I did not.

"Why he writes—alone—like the Lord Chancellor!" said another man.

"Better," said another. "I know *his* writing. *He* couldn't support his family this way."

Then a woman noticed the natural fluffiness of the hermit's hair, and another woman, her friend, mentioned of the salmon's gills that you could almost see him gasp. Then an elderly country gentleman stepped forward and asked the modest man how he executed his work? And the modest man took some scraps of brown paper with colors in 'em out of his pockets and showed them. Then a fair-complexioned donkey with sandy hair and spectacles, asked if the hermit was a portrait? To which the modest man, casting a sorrowful glance upon it, replied that it was, to a certain extent, a recollection of his father. This caused a boy to yelp out, "Is the Pinter a smoking the pipe your mother?" who was immediately shoved out of view by a sympathetic carpenter with his basket of tools at his back.

At every fresh question or remark the crowd leaned forward more eagerly, and dropped the half-pence more freely, and the modest man gathered them up more meekly. At last another elderly gentleman came to the front and gave the artist his card, to come to his office to-morrow and get some copying to do. The card was accompanied by sixpence, and the artist was profoundly grateful, and, before he put the card in his hat, read it several times by the light of his candles to fix the address well in his mind, in case he should lose it. The crowd was deeply interested by this last incident, and a man in the second row with a gruff voice growled to the artist, "You've got a chance in life now, ain't you?" The artist answered (sniffing in a very low-spirited way, however), "I'm thankful to hope so." Upon which there was a general chorus of "*You* are all right," and the half-pence slackened very decidedly.

I felt myself pulled away by the arm, and Mr. Click and I stood alone at the corner of the next crossing.

"Why, Tom," said Mr. Click, "what a horrid expression of face you've got!"

"Have I?" says I.

"Have you?" says Mr. Click. "Why you looked as if you would have his blood."

"Whose blood?"

"The artist's."

"The artist's!" I repeated. And I laughed frantically, wildly, gloomily, incoherently, disagreeably. I am sensible that I did. I know I did.

Mr. Click stared at me in a scared sort of a way, but said nothing until we had walked a street's length. He then stopped short, and said, with excitement on the part of his fore-finger:

"Thomas, I find it necessary to be plain with you. I don't like the envious man. I have identified the canker-worm that's pegging away at *your* vitals, and it's envy, Thomas."

"Is it?" says I.

"Yes, it is," says he. "Thomas, beware of envy. It is the green-eyed monster which never did and never will improve each shining hour, but quite the reverse. I dread the envious man, Thomas. I confess that I am afraid of the envious man, when he is so envious as you are. While you contemplated the works of a gifted rival, and while you heard that rival's praises, and especially while you met his humble glance as he put that card away, your countenance was so malevolent as to be terrific. Thomas, I have heard of the envy of them that follows the Fine Art line, but I never believed it could be what yours is. I wish you well, but I take my leave of you. And if you should ever get into trouble through knifeing—or say, garroting—a brother artist, as I believe you will, don't call me to character, Thomas, or I shall be forced to injure your case."

Mr. Click parted from me with those words, and we broke off our acquaintance.

I became enamored. Her name was Henerietta. Contending with my easy disposition, I frequently got up to go after her. She also dwelt in the neighborhood of the Obstacle, and I did fondly hope that no other would interpose in the way of our union.

To say that Henerietta was volatile, is but to say that she was woman. To say that she was in the bonnet-trimming, is feebly to express the taste which reigned predominant in her own.

She consented to walk with me. Let me do her the justice to say that she did so upon trial. "I am not," said Henerietta, "as yet prepared to regard you, Thomas, in any other light than as a friend; but as a friend I am willing to walk with you, on the understanding that softer sentiments may flow."

We walked.

Under the influence of Henerietta's beguilements I now got out of bed daily. I pursued my calling with an industry before unknown, and it can not fail to have been observed at that period, by those most familiar with the streets of London, that there was a larger supply— But hold! The time is not yet come!

One evening in October I was walking with Henerietta, enjoying the cool breezes wafted over Vauxhall Bridge. After several slow turns Henerietta gaped frequently (so inseparable from woman is the love of excitement), and said, "Let's go home by Grosvenor Place, Piccadilly, and Waterloo"—localities, I may state for the information of the stranger and the foreigner, well known in London, and the last a Bridge.

"No. Not by Piccadilly, Henerietta," said I.

"And why not Piccadilly, for goodness' sake?" said Henerietta.

Could I tell her? Could I confess to the gloomy presentiment that overshadowed me? Could I make myself intelligible to her? No.

"I don't like Piccadilly, Henerietta."

"But I do," said she. "It's dark now, and the long rows of lamps in Piccadilly after dark are beautiful. I *will* go to Piccadilly!"

Of course we went. It was a pleasant night, and there were numbers of people in the streets. It was a brisk night, but not too cold, and not damp. Let me darkly observe, it was the best of all nights—FOR THE PURPOSE.

As we passed the garden-wall of the Royal Palace, going up Grosvenor Place, Henerietta murmured,

"I wish I was a Queen!"

"Why so, Henerietta?"

"I would make *you* Something," said she, and crossed her two hands on my arm, and turned away her head.

Judging from this that the softer sentiments alluded to above had begun to flow, I adapted my conduct to that belief. Thus happily we passed on into the detested thoroughfare of Piccadilly. On the right of that thoroughfare is a row of trees, the railing of the Green Park, and a fine broad eligible piece of pavement.

"O my!" cried Henerietta, presently. "There's been an accident!"

I looked to the left, and said, "Where, Henerietta?"

"Not there, stupid," said she. "Over by the Park railings. Where the crowd is! O no, it's not an accident, it's something else to look at! What's them lights?"

She referred to two lights twinkling low among the legs of the assemblage: two candles on the pavement.

"O do come along!" cried Henerietta, skipping across the road with me; I hung back, but in vain. "Do let's look!"

Again, designs upon the pavement. Centre compartment, Mount Vesuvius going it (in a circle), supported by four oval compartments, severally representing a ship in heavy weather, a shoulder of mutton attended by two cucumbers, a golden harvest with distant cottage of proprietor, and a knife and fork after nature; above the centre compartment a bunch of grapes, and over the whole a rainbow. The whole, as it appeared to me, exquisitely done.

The person in attendance on these works of art was in all respects, shabbiness excepted, unlike the former person. His whole appearance and manner denoted briskness. Though threadbare, he expressed to the crowd that poverty had not subdued his spirit or tinged with any sense of shame this honest effort to turn his talents to some account. The writing which formed a part of his composition was conceived in a similarly cheerful tone. It breathed the following sentiments: "The writer is poor but not despondent. To a British 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 Public he £ s. d. appeals. Honor to our brave Army! And also 0 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 to our gallant Navy. BRITONS STRIKE the A B C D E F G writer in common chalks would be grateful for any suitable employment HOME! HURRAH!" The whole of this writing appeared to me to be exquisitely done.

But this man, in one respect like the last, though seemingly hard at it with a great show of brown paper and rubbers, was only really fattening the down-stroke of a letter here and there, or blowing the loose chalk off the rainbow, or toning the outside edge of the shoulder of mutton. Though he did this with the greatest confidence, he did it (as it struck me) in so ignorant a manner, and so spoiled every thing he touched, that when he began upon the purple smoke from the chimney of the distant cottage of the proprietor of the golden harvest (which smoke was beautifully soft) I found myself saying aloud, without considering of it:

"Let that alone, will you?"

"Halloa!" said the man next me in the crowd, jerking me roughly from him with his elbow, "why didn't you send a telegram? If we had known you was coming, we'd have provided something better for you. You understand the man's work better than he does himself, don't you? Have you made your will? You're too clever to live long."

"Don't be hard upon the gentleman, Sir," said the person in attendance on the works of art, with a twinkle in his eye as he looked at me, "he may chance to be an artist himself. If so, Sir, he will have a fellow-feeling with me, Sir, when I"—he adapted his action to his words as he went on, and gave a smart slap of his hands between each touch, working himself all the time about and about the composition—"when I lighten the bloom of my grapes—shade off the orange in my rainbow—dot the i of my Britons—throw a yellow light into my cow-cum-*ber*—insinuate another morsel of fat into my shoulder of mutton—dart another zigzag flash of lightning at my ship in distress!"

He seemed to do this so neatly, and was so nimble about it, that the half-pence came flying in.

"Thanks, generous public, thanks!" said the professor. "You will stimulate me to further exertions. My name will be found in the list of British Painters yet. I shall do better than this, with encouragement. I shall indeed."

"You never can do better than that bunch of grapes," said Henerietta. "O Thomas, them grapes!"

"Not better than *that*, lady? I hope for the time when I shall paint any thing but your own bright eyes and lips, equal to life."

"(Thomas, did you ever?) But it must take a long time, Sir," said Henerietta, blushing, "to paint equal to that."

"I was prenticed to it, Miss," said the young man, smartly touching up the composition, "prenticed to it in the caves of Spain and Portingale, ever so long and two year over."

There was a laugh from the crowd; and a new man who had worked himself in next me, said, "He's a smart chap, too; ain't he?"

"And what a eye!" exclaimed Henerietta, softly.

"Ah! He need have a eye," said the man.

"Ah! He just need," was murmured among the crowd.

"He couldn't come that 'ere burning mountain without a eye," said the man. He had got himself accepted as an authority somehow, and every body looked at his finger as it pointed out Vesuvius. "To come that effect in a general illumination would require a eye; but to come it with two dips—why it's enough to blind him!"

That impostor, pretending not to have heard what was said, now winked to any extent with both eyes at once, as if the strain upon his sight was too much, and threw back his long hair—it was very long—as if to cool his fevered brow. I was watching him doing it, when Henerietta suddenly whispered, "O Thomas, how horrid you look!" and pulled me out by the arm.

Remembering Mr. Click's words, I was confused when I retorted, "What do you mean by horrid?"

"Oh gracious! Why, you looked," said Henerietta, "as if you would have his blood."

I was going to answer, "So I would, for twopence—from his nose," when I checked myself and remained silent.

We returned home in silence. Every step of the way the softer sentiments that had flowed ebbed twenty mile an hour. Adapting my conduct to the ebbing as I had done to the flowing, I let my arm drop limp, so as she could scarcely keep hold of it, and I wished her such a cold good-night at parting that I keep within the bounds of truth when I characterize it as a Rasper.

In the course of the next day I received the following document:

> "Henerietta informs Thomas that my eyes are open to you. I must ever wish you well, but walking and us is separated by an unfarmable abyss. One so malignant to superiority—Oh that look at him!—can never, never conduct HENERIETTA
>
> "P.S.—To the altar."

Yielding to the easiness of my disposition, I went to bed for a week after receiving this letter. During the whole of such time London was bereft of the usual fruits of my labor. When I resumed it I found that Henerietta was married to the artist of Piccadilly.

Did I say to the artist? What fell words were those, expressive of what a galling hollowness, of what a bitter mockery! I—I—I—am the artist. I was the real artist of Piccadilly, I was the real artist of the Waterloo-road, I am the only artist of all those pavement-subjects which daily and nightly arouse your admiration. I do 'em and I let 'em out. The man you behold with the papers of chalks and the rubbers, touching up the down-strokes of the writing and shading off the salmon, the man you give the credit to, the man you give the money to, hires—yes! and I live to tell it!—hires those works of art of me, and brings nothing to 'em but the candles.

Such is genius in a commercial country. I am not up to the shivering, I am not up to the liveliness, I am not up to the-wanting-employment-in-an-office move; I am only up to originating and executing the work. In consequence of which you never see me: you think you see me when you see somebody else, and that somebody else is a mere Commercial character. The one seen by self and Mr. Click in the Waterloo Road can only write a single word, and that I taught him, and it's MULTIPLICATION—which you may see him execute upside down, because he can't do it the natural way. The one seen by self and Henerietta by the Green Park railings can just smear into existence the two ends of a rainbow with his cuff and a rubber—if very hard put upon making a show—but he could no more come the arch of the rainbow, to save his life, than he could come the moonlight, fish, volcano, shipwreck, mutton, hermit, or any of my most celebrated effects.

To conclude as I began: if there's a blighted public character going, I am the party. And often as you have seen, do see, and will see, my Works, it's fifty thousand to one if you'll ever see me, unless, when the candles are burned down and the Commercial character is gone, you should happen to notice a neglected young man perseveringly rubbing out the last traces of the pictures, so that nobody can renew the same. That's me.

HIS PORTMANTEAU.

I.

Mr. Blorage walked up and down his dining-room on the 31st of December, 1851, with the air and step of a man at peace with the world and pleased with himself. As he turned to and fro there was a little swing of exultation in his gait, which no friend (had there been any friend present to witness it) would have recognized as a trait peculiar to Mr. Blorage. On the contrary, he passed among his neighbors and acquaintance as a man of a modest and sedate temperament, and of an extreme good nature: so that those same friends and neighbors, full of the impudence of the world, often laughed at the former, and let no opportunity slip of taking advantage of the latter. But he was accustomed to be imposed upon. In fact, it was his business, his vocation, to which he had been apprenticed from his earliest childhood.

It is recorded by his nurse and mother that so amiable, so complacent a baby never was born. A faint whimper was the only complaint he made, after lying for hours in his cradle wide awake, with nothing but a damaged tassel to amuse him, as it swung to and fro from the hood of the cradle in the draught—which draught reddened his baby nose, and brought the water into his little weak eyes. As he grew up it became an established fact that Master Dick was to be washed first or last, taken out or left behind, given sugar-plums or forgotten, as it happened to suit the peculiar fancy of every other person rather than Master Dick himself, because he was so sweet-tempered. Thus he weathered babyhood, encountered childhood, and rushed up into boyhood, in a pleasing and satisfactory manner to all parties, himself included. He never worried his mother by catching infectious diseases at wrong times; he went through the necessary ailments of childhood—such as measles, whooping-cough, and scarlatina—with the least possible degree of trouble to all parties concerned; and caused no anxiety by having relapses or taking colds. If he cut his finger to the bone, no one knew of it unless any one chanced to notice the scar. If he fell into the river, he scrambled out, and dried his own clothes by the convenient process of airing them on his own body. If he fell off a tree, down a well, over a wall, he picked himself up and bore his burden of bruises with silent composure. In addition to these accomplishments, he bore any amount of other people's work, and seemed rather to enjoy being "put upon." He was glad to be obliging, and "gave up" with quite as much zest as other natures about him delighted to "take all." Once, and once only, did a slight attack of ill-temper and discontent assail him. His father, without any previous notice, without the shadow of a consultation as to any faint bias on Dick's part, but just because "he was Dick, and would be sure to do it, whether he liked it or not," placed him, at the age of sixteen years, as the junior of all the junior clerks, in a Bank.

Now Dick was a country boy, born and brought up in truly rural fashion. His father having a small estate, farmed the greater part of it himself, and, being a practical man, did nothing by halves. His children participated in all that he did, as much for their own benefit as for his. The boys were active young farmers from the time they were breeched; and the girls reared chickens, and understood the immaculate cleanliness of a dairy before they could spell their own names. So Dick's habits, and what little idiosyncrasy he had of his own, belonged wholly to the country.

He was up with the lark, roaming over his fa ther's premises, and lighting upon all sorts of charitable things to do. A brood of young ducks, always erratic, obstinate, and greedy, had squeezed their mucilaginous little bodies through nothing, and were out on the loose, their vigilant foster-mother, "in a fine frenzy," clacking within the shut-up poultry-house. It was Dick's business to open the door and give her lost ones to her cherishing wings; and all the acknowledgment he got was an unmistakable indication on the part of the irritated mother that he alone had been the cause of the separation. He delighted to stagger under a load of fodder, taking, as high and invaluable wages, the glad neigh of the expectant horse, or the gentle soft low of the cow. He rushed into the matutinal quarrel of the bantam-cock and the great bubbley-jock; he coaxed with crumbs of bread the shy little pullets, and covertly threw handfuls of grain to the ostracized cockerels, who dared not so much as look upon a crumb within sight of the proud monarch of the poultry-yard.

Having meddled and messed in every thing that was going on, to the high delight of himself, if of nothing else, Dick would return to the house, brush and clean himself with scrupulous exactness, and place himself ready to receive his mother's morning kiss on his cool, rosy, soap-shining cheeks. After that he began the real business of the day; he nursed the baby, made the tea, cut the bread-and-butter, administered it, adjusted quarrels, ran the messages, and took what breakfast he could between whiles. When he had a few moments he could call his own he roamed about, saving young birds from remorseless kidnappers, rescuing puppies and kittens from untimely fates, helping little maidens over high stiles, and assisting old women to carry fagots of sticks, assuredly stolen from his father's hedge-rows.

Dick possessed one harmless propensity—never to see a hill without paying it the compliment of running to the top of it in so many minutes, and speeding down to the bottom again in so many minutes less. He considered it a duty he owed to society at large, to be able to say in how short a time society could approach so much nearer to heaven.

For these reasons, and a thousand more such, Dick's dismay may be comprehended when he was suddenly required to exchange breezy hill-tops and flowery plains for the high stool, matching the higher desk, in a dusty cloudy cobwebby back Bank-office, in a close dull unsavory street.

Dick began a remonstrance. For the first time in his life there rose to his lips the murmur of a complaint. The person upon whose ear the unwonted sound fell was his younger brother: called William by his godfathers and godmothers, Bill by those who had no particular regard for him, or he for them, and Billy by the fortunate possessors of what affections he had. Generally obtuse to every thing that did not concern himself, he was visibly startled by the unwonted moan, and kindly said, under the shock of surprise:

"Come, come, old fellow! None of that."

"But I don't like the Bank, Billy. I am unhappy; I think I am dreadfully unhappy; the smell of the place makes me sick; I get the cramp in my legs from sitting on that high stool; I am as nervous—"

"Hold hard, Dick; I won't have you say another word. How dare you talk like that to me?"

"My dear Billy—"

"Don't dear Billy me. When you know as well as I do, that if you don't stay at the Bank *I* shall have to go there!"

"Oh dear!" ejaculated Dick.

"Oh dear!" mimicked the fast younger brother. "I wonder you have the heart to hint an objection, Dick—especially knowing, as you do, how you hate the Bank. Endangering your own brother! And you setting up for being a good-natured fellow, too!"

Dick said no more, but manfully bore up against smells, cramps, nerves, and headaches, with the mental comfort and consolation, "How lucky poor dear Billy is saved all this!"

Time worked its own cure, and he experienced in his own person the truth of that well-established maxim, "Habit becomes second nature." He exercised his peculiar vocation by doing a great deal of other people's work besides his own; by cherishing solitary and forlorn-looking spiders; assisting flies out of a persistent search into ink-bottles; and being generally kind-hearted to every thing and every body.

He was universally liked, though vastly imposed upon; still, upon his gradual elevation, in course of time, from junior of the juniors to head of all, there was no voice but his own that hazarded a doubt on the fitness of the election. He was a little uncomfortable himself lest he should have taken a place one of the others might have coveted or better deserved.

At last assured that his abilities and position warranted the choice, Dick resigned himself to being entirely happy, and—as a fall essential to a state of bliss—fell in love.

That his choice should light on one profoundly unlike himself was perfectly natural; a young lady of much beauty and many wants being exactly the being to appear angelic in Dick's eyes. Had she been possessed of brains, or of sufficient capacity to see into the depths of Dick's most honest heart, she might have ruled there, queen and wife, and her domestic kingdom would have ennobled her in all eyes; but, like a playful kitten, incipient cruelty lurked in her prettiest ways. Her character may be inferred from the answer she gave Dick when he tendered her his all.

"Indeed, Mr. Richard, you are very good! How you have surprised me! And do you really think so well of me? I never thought you really cared a bit for me. I laughed and chatted with you because, as we all said, Mr. Richard Blorage was so good-natured."

"Good-natured to *you*, Ellen! Oh Heaven! could you read nothing more in my devotion? Not the deepest, strongest, most enduring love?"

"You quite amaze me, Mr. Richard! Where have you kept these feelings so long?"

"Oh, Ellen! Do not trifle with me!"

"No! Not for worlds, Mr. Blorage! I am no flirt. I am a frank creature, and always will be."

"I thought—I hoped—oh, Ellen! I would not have dared to speak thus, and lay bare my heart before you, had you not encouraged—"

"Now, Mr. Richard, don't say that, I beg! I am sure I am above that. Besides, mamma wishes me to marry rather high. She wishes me to set my younger sisters a good example; and indeed papa has said to me more than once that he would never suffer me to marry a banker's clerk."

"I am to be a partner in two years."

"Two years! I may be married long before that. Come, Mr. Richard, don't be cast down. We can always be the best of friends."

"And my wife, Ellen?"

"Oh dear no! I really wonder you could ever think of such a thing—so good-natured, as you are. Pray don't tease me any more."

Poor Dick's tender heart swelled and throbbed with many tender emotions; but he really was too good-natured to let any angry or bitter thoughts divide it. He rallied his fluttering and bewildered senses, looked round for his hat (an article that always seems of great comfort to Englishmen in difficulties), looked into it, and not finding a single word in it to help him out, went away speechless with a single bow. It was a bow worthy of Sir Charles Grandison, and it was a far more natural bow than Sir Charles Grandison ever made. There was a quiet dignity in it, expressive of so much integrity and worth, that it even smote the little silly substitute for a heart which had so mocked him with a stab of misgiving.

Time, that never-failing plaster which heals so many wounds, came to Dick's aid. He derived a melancholy satisfaction from working twice as hard as he had ever done before. He was at that once odious office before the doors were opened, and sat on his high stool for hours at a stretch, regardless of cramp. From always being a compassionate and good-natured fellow he became morbidly so: appearing to regard the whole of his acquaintance as victims to unrequited love, upon whom it was essential he should expend a vigilant care of the most forbearing and affectionate nature.

Not even the fast, worldly-wise opinion of William, Bill, or Billy could make him think he was an ill-used man.

"She's a flirt, and no mistake. *I* saw through her long ago, Dick. I always said she would jilt you."

"You wrong her, William—you deeply wrong her. She was right in her decision. She deserved a better fate than to be the wife of a banker's clerk."

"Pooh, pooh! Ha, ha! Why, you have a share in the firm already, and may call yourself banker at once, and I hope to the Lord you will soon get rich. It will be devilish comfortable, Dick, always to be able to turn to you when one wants five or ten pounds."

"Do you want a little money now, Billy? I have no occasion to hoard money."

"The very thing I do want, my dear fellow. I never was so hard up. I say! It's a great comfort to me, Dick, that you didn't marry that simpleton of a girl."

"Hush, Bill."

"Well, it's a very good thing for yourself, then. I'll swear she was a screw."

"Forbear, Bill."

"Well, it was an uncommon good thing for her, then."

"That is my only consolation," sighed the good Dick, as he handed his brother a bundle of notes, which, true to business habits, he carefully counted over twice.

"Twenty-five pounds; thank ye, Dick."

II.

Bless us! Mr. Blorage has been a long time walking up and down that dining-room of his.

Had the volatile Ellen at last relented that he walked up and down with that elastic step? No, no. She had married within six months of blighting Dick—had married an Honorable by name, if not by nature; but the title being of much more consequence than the fact there is no need to inquire further. If Dick's prayers could make her happy she was supremely blest.

No. Mr. Blorage was excited, because he was dining in his own new, substantially built, elegantly furnished, luxuriously ornamented, house—a house that had been pronounced perfect—a gem of a house—a house that only wanted one more thing to be absolute perfection. He was dining in it for the first time, and he had (though naturally a sober man), under the pressure of such an extreme circumstance, drank success to it, and health to himself, just about once too often. Hence thought was running riot in his brain like an express engine gone mad. Here was he, at the good and pleasant age of thirty-five, an independent gentleman, with fifteen hundred a year, honestly made, and safely deposited in the only bank that never breaks—her Majesty's Consols. Besides, he still held a lucrative and independent position in the very Bank once so disagreeable to him. He was not a responsible partner, he was only the trusted confidential manager. "For, as to partnerships," thought Dick, "it would never do for me to lose my money through the speculations of others. I could not help Billy, or send little Maude to that first-rate London school. As to my dear mother, Old Grobus's legacy (I wonder why he left it to me?) just fell in, in time to make her comfortable."

Dick had grown rich, nobody quite knew how. As he was always helping every one, perhaps he realized the promise, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall return unto thee a hundredfold." He had made one or two fortunate speculations. He had been left a legacy by old Grobus, a morose brother clerk, who had never given him a civil word when alive, but had bequeathed him all he died worth, remarking in his will that "Richard Blorage, his heir, would be sure to spend it better than he could." And Richard Blorage, first ascertaining that there were no real heirs, had forthwith purchased one or two waste bits of land, because the owners wanted to sell them, and because no one but a good-natured fool would buy them. No sooner, however, did they become Dick's than they were discovered to be invaluable. The railway ran straight through them; the land was the very thing for building purposes; and, what was pleasanter than all, no one envied Dick. Every one said, "Serve Dick Blorage right; he's a good fellow, and it's his due."

And when he decided to build himself a new house on this improved and flourishing estate, every one, far and near, entered into the scheme. The plans were shown about, as if the plans were for a building of public property. The architect was received every where as a friend, the workmen were looked upon as part of the community. The house grew, stone by stone, under the eyes and minute inspection of all the neighbors. The laying of the foundation-stone was a popular jubilee; the roofing-in was nearly followed by a roofing-out, so deafening were the cheers from the assembled multitude. The final completion of the structure was so rapturously hailed by all Dick's friends that it might have been supposed Mr. Blorage had privately intimated to the whole of them, individually and separately, that he intended to make each a present of the achieved piece of architecture.

Of course there was to be a house-warming—a dinner and a dance; and it was thinking of this identical fête, to come off the very next day, that had set Mr. Blorage's thoughts off at express pace. Not because his dinner was to be so well appointed, not because his wines (he knew that a little too well this evening!) were unexceptionable, not because the music provided was the best that money could hire, not because his rooms were beautifully decorated, his chintzes of the sweetest patterns, his carpets Axminster and Brussels; but because two out of the sixty invitations he had issued had been accepted. Why two? And what two? In the present excited state of Mr. Blorage's brain he could only have answered, "Upon those two hangs my fate—the fate of my house."

He threw himself into one of those delightful spring-seated sloping-backed softly-cushioned armchairs, in which our unlucky ancestors never had the good fortune to repose. He took another glass of wine, oblivious of having drank success to his house already rather often.

"So, they both come! Lovely creatures! Bill doesn't like Fanny; he says she is like Ellen. Ah, poor Ellen. I don't know which is the prettier of those two cousins. Billy seems rather full of Florence. I must find that out; I must observe him; it would never do to ruin poor Bill's happiness: I know what unrequited love is. I am not in love with either of the cousins at present. I was madly in love with Ellen, but, you see, I got over it." (Who was there to see, Mr. Blorage? Ah, that last glass!) "It certainly is time I married. But I shouldn't like to be served that way again—as Ellen served me, I mean. Bill will have it she's unhappy; I hope not. Bill says I am a great fool if I ever—if I submit—if, in short, I am taken in again. Did Ellen take me in? I don't know. I don't understand women at all. I believe every word they say; I adore their sweet smiles and winning ways, and I would not—nay, I could not—think ill of them for the world. I suppose I am a fool, as Bill says I am. What a thing it would be for me if some kind-hearted honest genius or fairy would bestow upon the walls of my house the gift of making people appear just as they are, speak just what they think, and be altogether as God and Nature made them! When I was young, surely I read of a palace of truth belonging to some fellow—king, I beg his pardon—called Phanor. To be sure they got into a world of difficulties, and were all more or less miserable. But they were French people; whereas a good honest Briton likes the truth, and WILL speak it whether he's miserable or not."

Mr. Blorage spoke the last sentence aloud, with great emphasis on the auxiliary verb; moreover, giving force to his words by an energetic thump on the arm of his chair.

"My dear Sir take care!" said a voice in his ear. The sound was like the tinkle of a little silver bell, clear as a note of music.

Looking toward the sound the good Dick perceived, perched on the arm of the chair, a little lady: who steadied herself, after his hard thump on the cushion, by holding valiantly on to an elaborately crocheted anti-macassar.

"I—I beg your pardon," stammered Mr. Blorage.

"Granted," said the lady. "Now open your hand and hold it steady."

Always ready to oblige, Mr. Blorage did as he was asked, and was wonderfully surprised that he was *not* surprised when she took a flying leap into the middle of his palm.

"Thank you, Dick," said she, arranging her little crinoline, and putting on an air. "So you want your house to be gifted with the power of making people speak the truth, eh?"

"I should like it," he answered, in some confusion.

The little lady shook her head.

"You won't like it. You will find it very annoying. Neither your servants, nor your friends, nor your relations will seem the better for it, Dick."

"I should like to try it for a little while—just for one day," he stammered, in answer to the wise forebodings of the little lady.

"I understand. Merely to enable you to select a wife? You fear to be made a fool of again, Dick."

"Yes, yes," he answered, eagerly. "Marriage is such an awful thing. One does not mind being made a fool of for a short time—but for life!" Dick shuddered, and the little lady was nearly upset by the shock.

In the endeavor to save herself from falling she unfolded a pair of beautiful wings, whose transparent lustre of prismatic colors formed a sort of Glory round her head.

"How pretty you are," said Dick.

"I only show my beauty to those who appreciate me. My name is Verita."

"God bless the name," said Dick. "I don't care about the enchantment of my house if you will always be at hand to advise me."

"I mean to live with you, Dick; but as for advice, why did God give you an intelligence to guide you through every difficulty? Why ask a little odd spirit for advice when you have but to knock at the door of your conscience for unerring guidance?"

"True," murmured Dick; "but still—"

"I see you hold to your own way, Dick, and as I wish you to have a good wife I will grant your request. But inasmuch as enchanting the whole house would be extremely inconvenient to you in more ways than one, I will confine the spell to this chair. But there are conditions to be observed—two conditions—before I enchant the chair."

"Name them."

"The first is, that no one but yourself is to be apprised of the power the chair possesses."

"Dear me," exclaimed Mr. Blorage, dubiously, "would that be quite fair?"

"Simpleton! Who could you get to sit in your chair if its power were known, Dick?"

"Wouldn't people like it? I shouldn't mind."

"I dare say *you* would not. But assent to the condition, or the chair is not enchanted."

"I consent. You said, dear madam, there was another condition?"

"The second condition is, that whoever enters within your doors *must* sit in the chair, and *must* answer three questions before leaving the chair."

"But suppose people will do neither the one nor the other?"

"Compliance with the first condition I will take upon myself to insure; the second depends on you, as it is you who must put the three questions."

"What sort of questions?"

"Pooh, pooh, Dick, don't give me more than my share of work. If you don't know the sort of questions to put, in order to obtain the good for which you have required me to enchant the chair, you are undeserving of the favor."

Dick would have protested, but he was so fearful of disturbing the equilibrium of the delicate little creature by over-earnest utterance that he only opened and shut his mouth.

"Don't blow me away! I must be gone, though. The night is rather chilly, I think." She took out of an almost invisible pocket a shadowing sort of cobwebby thing, meant, he presumed, for her handkerchief. Gracefully throwing it over her head, and tying it under her little atom of a chin, she continued: "Good-night, Dick. And good fortune to this house! And may it soon possess the only charm it wants—a pretty wife for you, and a good mistress for itself!"

Before Mr. Blorage had time to answer, the palm of his hand was empty, and the fair little creature had disappeared.

III.

Mr. Richard Blorage was never quite clear during how long a time after the spirit's disappearance he sat thinking or dozing. But the dining-room door having opened and shut several times during this period of intense thought or doze, he at length became conscious that it was not likely to have opened and shut of its own accord, and that it had probably done so under the hand of Penge, his butler, his new butler, the most respectful and obsequious of butlers, who had come into his service with a character so very unexceptionable that he had almost felt inclined to thank the spotless Penge for being so good as to take him for a master.

Mr. Blorage rose hastily and rang the bell. Penge answered it so immediately as to justify the supposition that when it rang he had once again had his hand on the door-handle.

Mr. Blorage was about to speak to the excellent Penge, when he was arrested by seeing that modest butler seat himself with much humility in the chair his master had just vacated—the enchanted chair. He was no sooner seated than his appearance instantly changed. His countenance assumed an air of much self-complacency; he drew out from the depths of a mysterious pocket a snuff-box, and he took a large pinch of snuff in a calm and deliberate manner.

"It is my only vice, Sir," he remarked; "I trust it is not disagreeable? Will you take a pinch? No ceremony."

Villains, ruffians, rogues, and fast men, are above being surprised; or, if they do feel any slight attack of that weakness, they take care not to show it. But plain, honest, natural creatures are constantly surprised, and as constantly show it. Mr. Blorage gazed at his butler, open-mouthed and open-eyed, and in the greatest surprise, until he was suddenly recalled to a perception of the case by seeing the face of the little spirit peeping out behind the chair.

The Lady Verita had performed her part of the contract, and had seated the butler in it by some marvelous power. Mr. Blorage must now perform his part of the contract.

As he rubbed his eyes, ran his fingers through his hair, and blew his nose, perfectly unable to decide what questions he should put to Penge, the confident air of the man, shining through an obsequious mock humility, moved Mr. Blorage to a hearty and irresistible fit of laughter. Though he was sorry for Penge, though he felt that he alone was to blame for Penge's peculiar situation, restrain himself from laughter he could not.

"Vell, Blorage," says Penge, with great self-possession, "you 'ave a right to amuse yourself at your pleasure: but you're drunk!"

"Penge?"

"Blorage! I ain't to be put out of the truth by you. You're drunk."

"Drunk or sober, I think I am a gentleman, Penge?"

"*You* may think so," returned the model butler, with great contempt; "but *I* don't. *My* ideas of a real gent ain't by no manner o' means the same as yours, Blorage."

"And what are your ideas?" asked Dick, in a hurry, glad to catch hold of so safe a question.

"My ideas," replied the model butler, rising with the occasion, "are racers—out-and-outers—sport—life. Them's my ideas of a real gentleman, not *your* slow games. Blorage, you're a muff!"

Dick blushed a little, in mortification: but it was clearly his duty to get this, his first victim, out of the Chair of Truth as speedily as possible.

"At all events, I hope you are comfortable, Penge? I hope that at least you like my service?"

"No, I don't, Blorage. I am formed for enjyment; and how can I know enjyment under a mean-spirited screw that keeps the keys of his own cellar?"

"But you agreed with me, Penge, when I engaged you, that it was the most satisfactory arrangement for all parties. Penge, you said you preferred it."

"Blorage, I considered as it looked well so to say; and having heerd as you was soft and easy, what I said to myself was, 'Penge! you stick that into him, and you'll have the key before your first year is out.' Which is what I expect, Blorage, or you and me parts."

Burning to release the prisoner, Mr. Blorage was racking his brain for the last question, when a furious peal of the door-bell suggested a very safe one.

"Who can that be, Penge?"

"That awful young scamp your brother."

Then, instantly rising, Mr. Penge said, in his most unexceptionable manner, "I ask your pardon, Sir. I felt so very giddy just now, Sir, that if I had not took the liberty to take a seat I must have fainted."

"Never mind. Make no excuses, Penge."

"Thank you, Sir. I believe that is Mr. William's ring, Sir. He is such a cheerful young gentleman, Sir, that I know the liveliness of his ring." And Penge disappeared with alacrity.

The good Dick rushed to the chair, intending to occupy it himself during his brother's visit. But his brother was took quick for him.

"Halloa, Dick! What do you want with the best chair in the room? It is very unlike such a good-natured chap as you to appropriate the most comfortable seat."

He was in the chair! Dick sat down on the edge of another chair and wiped his forehead.

William, Billy, or Bill, safely ensconced in the magic chair, assumed a very rakish used-up indifferent sort of appearance; and the brothers were silent. Probably William was uncomfortable in his strange and novel position. Dick was racking his brain for three questions—three simple, harmless questions, that should not commit the sitter. The weather? Nothing better. Bill could never compromise himself about the weather.

"Is it a fine night, Billy?"

"Rather too fine for me. I want to skulk off to Barnes's without being seen, and I came here on my way, partly to blind mother, and partly to twist a fi'-pun' note out of you." (Barnes's was a disreputable gaming-place.)

"How is our mother?" interrupted Dick, in a violent hurry.

"Precious cross. Bothering as much about my goings on as if I was cutting my teeth."

"Are—are—are you in love, Bill?"

"Yes; with myself. What's the good of loving any thing else? I don't find any one so deuced fond of me as to forget himself or herself."

"I thought Florence—" interrupted Dick, hastily.

"Florence be hanged! Do you suppose I don't see that you are spooney upon Florence? But lookee here, Dick; you want to marry; now, I don't intend to let you marry. I'm not going to stand your being thrown away upon any other than your own relations."

"Come out of that chair, Bill!"

"I won't. It's a comfortable chair. I'm bent on telling you my mind. My mind has been full of you, Dick, ever since you began to build this house. That's a suspicious gallery, shut off by a green baize door. I said when I saw it, that means mischief. He means that part of the house for a Nur—"

"Come out of that chair, Bill!"

"I tell you I won't. As to your getting married, I'm not afraid of Fanny; her temper will never stand a month's courtship. She'll show her teeth in a fortnight. When I turned this matter over in my mind, I said to myself, 'Dick is safe from *her*. But Florence,' I said, 'may be dangerous; therefore I'll pretend to be a little affected that way myself.'"

"Here, Bill! Take five pounds—take ten pounds—but come out of that chair!"

"I would have done it for less than that, Dick, but as you are so flush and free of money, I'll take the ten. Good-evening, Dick; I promised mother to be back to tea."

With this sudden change Mr. William took himself out of the chair, and took his leave. Mr. Richard—too well pleased to have got him out of the chair to care for any thing more, and knowing that his nerves were incapable of bearing further strain—rushed up stairs and dived into bed. And, as if fearing that the chair would pursue him even there, and entice people to commit themselves, he pulled the bed-clothes over his head, and was fortunate in being unconscious during the rest of the night.

THE REST OF THIS MANUSCRIPT HE HAD PUT IN HIS HAT-BOX.

IV.*

WHEN Mr. Blorage awoke in the morning he was reminded by a slight headache that something unusual had occurred; but he came out of his cold bath as lively and fresh and full of spirits as if he were the combined essence of two or three dozen Mr. Blorages. He pranced down stairs—his own newly-built and Brussels carpeted stairs—like a young colt philandering in a clover meadow.

This was the great day of the house-warming, to be followed by events that were perfectly bewildering from the ecstasy of their anticipation. He was brought back to a state of common human bliss by a strong smell of burned wood or varnish, and found that in making the tea (he had lost himself in thinking how soon some fair hand might be making tea for him) he was endeavoring to stuff his little hot kettle (which phizzed and sputtered a remonstrance) into his new tea-poy, while the caddy appertaining thereto was catching fire on the hob.

Remedying these mistakes with the utmost expedition, in turning round he suddenly encountered the chair, and suddenly remembered its fatal property.

What was he to do? How get rid of the chair? Should he send it away? Should he lock it up? Should he destroy it? burn it? annihilate it? bury it?

As he seized hold of it, with the intention of performing one or other of these acts, he was conscious of a shock; his arms fell powerless to his sides; and a little fluttering noise made him look up. There, on the head of a chair, was the Lady Verita, her wings expanded, her tiny foot just poised on the carved shining top of the chair.

"It is of no use, Dick," she said, her little voice tinkling like silver music. "This chair was not enchanted merely for your whim. Sit down and listen to me."

Dick obeyed, and held out his palm. His heart leaped with joy as the little lady sprang lightly on to it.

"Lend me your watch, Dick, to sit upon."

Dick complied, and placed his watch with infinite care and gentleness for her use.

She seated herself gracefully, having folded her wings. Once more drawing out her fleecy atom of a handkerchief, she used it after the manner of mortals; though Dick hardly supposed that any thing so infinitely delicate as her nose could stand the test.

"Now, Dick, how naughty you are! You do not use my gift as you ought. Why were you thinking of burning my chair? Simply because it had done its duty in enabling you to see people as they really are, and know their thoughts?"

"But I do not wish to know them."

"My dear Dick, infinite Wisdom has given you susceptibility, intelligence, and reason. You only use the first. You are commanded to love your neighbor, but your susceptibility should not lead you into confounding all moral distinctions among your neighbors. Reason should step in, and enable you to make a practical use of susceptibility and intelligence. Do I make myself understood? I have had to read up for it."

"Lovely and beloved little creature, I know I am a fool, but let me reap the fruits of my want of wisdom. I would rather be foolish for life than entrap others into sitting in this chair."

"Dick, you require a lesson. Use it well, be patient, be submissive, and all will end well, both for you and for me. I hear your door-bell ringing. Adieu, Dick. Be wise and prudent."

The radiant wings expanded, the little handkerchief was tied under the tiny chin, and as Penge opened the door to usher in a visitor the little lady vanished.

"Be wise and prudent." The words kept tinkling a little silver sound in the ears of Mr. Blorage as he rose and welcomed the visitor shown in by Penge. His first essay at being wise and prudent made him hand her (for it was a female) at once into the post of honor—the Chair of Truth.

He was glad to perceive that his visitor was a pleasant little mild girl whom he had met once or twice at Dr. Evans's, the medical man of the neighborhood. He had a general idea that she was the daughter of an invalid widow, and that she was the eldest of a flock of brown healthy-looking children, to whom she acted as foster-mother, owing to the inability of their real mother to do any thing but lie on the sofa, and sigh for ease from pain and poverty.

He had so far noticed little Gatty Bland (who, by-the-way, was twenty-three years old, perhaps more) as to admire her eyes, soft and brown, the exact color of her hair. As she now sat in the enchanted chair, he was surprised at himself for never having noticed that she was really pretty. Her sweet innocent face had a bewitching air about it that peculiarly pleased him. And really, her tiny hands and her graceful movements strongly reminded him of the ways of the little Lady Verita.

"Mamma has sent me here this morning, Mr. Blorage, to beg your acceptance of the loan of a beautiful china bowl. There is not another like it in England, and she fancied it would be just the thing to hold a Trifle to-night."

"I thank her very much; but how did she know that I was going to have a Trifle to-night?"

"Oh, we knew it very well. You give a ball to-night, and from our house we can see the lights, and faintly hear the music. Jenny and Albert are to sit up to-night a little longer than usual that they may watch the carriages."

"Then if I accept the loan of the beautiful china bowl, I must ask a favor in return."

"I will promise to perform it, Mr. Blorage, for I feel sure you will not ask any thing that I may not promise to perform."

"I am proud of being so trusted. I should wish to beg the favor of your company to-night, to see how well the Trifle looks in the beautiful china bowl."

"Ah, how I wish we could come! But we are very poor, and mamma is too great an invalid to take us out. We shall find much pleasure, though, in watching your gayety from our window, and we shall be delighted to think that our china bowl has helped to ornament your supper-table. Mamma was sure you would not consider the offer of it an impertinence."

No, indeed! Dick was an adept in the happy art of accepting a kindness in the spirit in which it was offered.

"Mamma has had great pleasure in watching the building of your house, Mr. Blorage. She said, a good man is going to inhabit it, and a good man always benefits a neighborhood."

"Your mamma is very kind," murmured Dick, a little confused, and beginning to blush. He was admiring Gatty Bland so much that he had forgotten she was a prisoner, and unconscious of the frankness of her words.

"Mamma is very good, Mr. Blorage, as we, her children, know. And I ought to return to her. I promised not to be absent more than half an hour, and it must be that now."

But though she looked distressed and anxious, poor Gatty could no more move until Mr. Blorage released her than the house could move.

He wiped his brow, ran his fingers through his hair, and prepared for action.

"And so your mamma is glad to have a near neighbor?"

"She is glad that you are our neighbor. When it pleases Heaven to release her from trouble and pain, and to begin our lonelier life of struggle, she thinks that the sunshine of a good man's heart may sometimes fall on her poor children in the shade."

"So it shall, my dear, please God! But, Gatty, you must marry.—Would you like to marry?"

"I don't know, Mr. Blorage; but I fear few will care to marry a little plain girl, with a turn-up nose, and a heart full of her own people, and who wants a nomination for—"

"Have you ever seen any one you would like to marry?" interrupted Dick, pleased with his wealth of questions.

"Only one, and that is you, Mr. Blorage! Good-by. I must run all the way home."

Finding herself released, Gatty sprang up, and ran out of the room: leaving Mr. Blorage turning from his natural color to white, from white to pink, from pink to crimson, from crimson to purple.

"Poor little dear thing, that I could have been so base and dishonorable as to ask her such a delicate question, when I had so many safe questions to ask—her age, her brothers' and sisters' names and ages, her godfathers and godmothers—if she liked new milk, cheese, eggs. Gracious Heaven! that I should have dared to put so preposterous a question, and receive such a—such a—such a—" Dick could not bring himself to name the quality of the answer. "But it's very pleasant to be so undeservedly appreciated—to be liked and loved for one's own sake. She is a nice little thing; she is a pretty little thing. Her nose certainly turns up; but I believe there never was a silly person known with a turned-up nose. She is very graceful. She flitted out of the room like a bird out of a rose-bush. I wonder what nomination she wanted!"

For the first time since it was enchanted Mr. Blorage looked complacently at the chair; but his meditations were interrupted by a respectful intimation from Penge that his master would oblige every body by getting out of the way, because the market-gardener had arrived with his flowers and decorations, the carpenter was waiting with his nails and ruler, and the Mr. Gunter of those parts was frantic to begin setting up his lights. So Mr. Blorage got out of the way for the rest of the day, and reappeared at dinner-time in due course, and afterward became the observed of all observers, as he led out the (in those parts) highly renowned and celebrated Lady Fitzcluck to open his ball with an old-fashioned country-dance.

Every thing had gone off well, up to the proud moment when Mr. Blorage drew on his new kid gloves for the (in those parts) eminently aristocratic Lady Fitzcluck. She was bulky, but she was light in hand, and she and Mr. Blorage danced with a spirit worthy of the occasion. Half way down thirty couples, Mr. Blorage became conscious of a circumstance. A stately old dowager was seated, in the centre of a circle of chairs, in the Chair of Truth. Howsoever it had got there, by whatsoever mysterious agency it had been brought there, there it was, with the dowager in it. She was encircled by a crowd, to whom she was holding forth, and evidently in no complimentary strain. Mr. Blorage rushed out of the country-dance at the instant when he ought to have paraded the (in those parts) highly fashionable Lady Fitzcluck down the middle; he rushed back again, and danced vehemently; he grasped the hand confidingly held across to him in the execution of the figure hands across, as if it were the throat of a burglar; in all the hurry, worry, and confusion he must think (and could not think) of three appropriate and respectful questions to put to that terrible and otherwise immovable old dowager. With his responsibility staring him in the face, he had hurled Lady Fitzcluck through a narrow gorge of dancers, when an unfortunate button of his coat entangled itself in the lace of a lady's dress, and in the perturbation of his feelings he went down the middle and up again, carrying a long and tattered shred, that lengthened as he went. Fanny's was the dress—Fanny was the sufferer. But she looked up into his face so forgivingly, and her soft blue eyes so smilingly met his, and her rosy lips spoke his pardon in such sweet tones, that he mentally said, "Dear, lovely Fanny, what an angel! What bliss to be loved by Fanny!" But when Florence stepped forward from among the dancers, with eager concern, her bright cheek flushed, her dark eyes sparkling, and her voice attuned to the gentlest tones of commiseration for the damage done to "dear Fanny's dear love of a pretty dress"—when she gracefully begged her partner to excuse her, "that she might pin up the dear love's tatters"—then Mr. Blorage felt very much inclined to repeat the above sentence over again, substituting the name of Florence for Fanny. Meantime all eyes were attracted to the horrible dowager in the Chair of Truth. Had any Painter been present he would have gone on his knees to beseech that dowager to sit to him for the personification of a Gorgon. Mr. Blorage felt, after all, that he could no more dare to ask her a question than if she had been his Black Majesty from below, arrayed in gorgeous female attire. There she must sit until kind Fate stepped in with three questions and released her. As he looked hopelessly toward the door, he saw the little piquante nose of Gatty Bland showing itself in good relief against a black coat near her. She had a little laced handkerchief tied under her chin; she went toward the dowager, changing the little laced kerchief into her hand; in her plain white dress she conveyed the dowager, all purple and gold, down the room, out at the door, and into the tea-room. He blessed Gatty Bland mentally, and finished his dance with high credit to himself, and perfect satisfaction to the (in those parts) rather-difficult-to-please Lady Fitzcluck. As soon as he was free he flew to seek a partner, either in Fanny the Fair or Florence the Beautiful.

They were together, and almost alone. They were together—horror!—in the Chair of Truth; Fanny on the cushioned seat; Florence on the stuffed arm. Florence was still employed in pinning up the tatters of the torn dress of Fanny.

"What a beautiful picture; what a lovely contrast!" thought Dick, as he approached.

"There, Dear!" said Florence, with a remarkably emphatic stress upon the last word; I have pinned you up, and done the best I could for you, Dear. But I am glad to see, notwithstanding, that you are a monstrous figure, and not fit to look at, Dear."

"Thank you, Florence, Dear!"

"Ah, you false thing! *I* see through your meekness and your affectation, as if you did not care about your dress. It is a pity Mr. Blorage can't see you at home."

"It's a pity Mr. Blorage can't see *you* at home. Aunt longs for the day when she can rid herself of you: indolent, selfish, and useless creature that you are."

"But Aunt comforts herself with the reflection that she has not such a fire-brand in her house as *you* are. Aunt can well afford to put up with a little indolence where there is so much good temper."

"It is better to be a little passionate than sulky, Love."

"Is it, Love? Mr. Blorage is the best judge of that. We have all our tempers, and you don't expect a perfect wife, do you, Mr. Blorage?"

"I am very imperfect myself," murmured the unfortunate Dick.

"Oh no, Mr. Blorage," cried Fanny and Florence together: "You are every thing that is nice and good-tempered. And this is such a love of a house that no one could be unhappy here."

Here the duet ceased, and solos began.

"You would always be cross and fractious, Fanny," said Florence.

"And you would always be rude and boisterous, Florence," said Fanny.

"For you are a virago, and you know you are," said Florence.

"For you are a hoyden, and you know you are," said Fanny.

"I am ashamed of you, my darling," said Florence.

"I am disgusted with you, my precious," said Fanny.

"Ladies, ladies!" expostulated Dick.

"She has the vilest temper, Mr. Blorage!" cries Florence.

"She can't speak a word of truth, Mr. Blorage," cries Fanny.

As Mr. Blorage turned hurriedly and appealingly from the one to the other, each now exclaiming, "Throw your handkerchief to *me*, Mr. Blorage!" he lost his balance, rolled over, and rolled the chair over. Picking himself up with all possible dispatch, and turning to apologize, he found that Florence, Fanny, music, lights, flowers, dancers, Lady Fitzcluck, and dowager, had all disappeared. There was nothing near him but *the* chair—overturned—and an empty wine-bottle.

V.

"Thank Heaven!" were the first spoken words of Mr. Blorage. His first act was to look for his handkerchief, which he hoped he had not thrown to either of the ladies. It was safe in his pocket. "It must have been a dream," he next remarked, eying the chair dubiously. "Yes, of course a dream," as he gathered courage from its motionless state. "But a very bad dream," as he felt encouraged to touch it, raise it, and examine it. As harmless a chair as ever upholsterer stuffed or gentleman bought! Gently he restored it to its proper place.

A knock at the door. Immediately followed by the appearance of the model Penge. It seemed an agreeable and satisfactory circumstance to the respectful Penge that his master was on his legs and awake.

"Shall I remove the things, Sir? It's close upon nine."

"Do so, Penge. And I think I will have a cup of coffee—rather strong, Penge."

"Yes, Sir."

What a relief it was not to see Penge sit down in the chair!

"It's a delicious cup of coffee, Penge," said Mr. Blorage, when it was brought, "and it so perfectly agrees with me that I think I'll take a run over to Dr. Evans's and play a game of chess with him."

The sharp night air smote him with a sudden giddiness, and every twinkling star appeared to be closely embracing a twin star that twinkled with still greater vigor; but he soon got over these delusions, and before he reached Dr. Evans's door was quite himself. On the way, however, he took himself seriously to task:

"How good of the night to be so fresh and fine, how kind of the pure stars to beam down on me so brightly, when I am a man full of evil and weak thoughts. I harbored a design against my fellow-creatures of the basest sort; and, to add to my crime, it was directed against one whom I meant for a wife! True, I know nothing of Miss Fanny or Miss Florence but the beauty of those two cousins, and a general sort of amiability that seems to belong to all girls. I'll make it my business to see more of both, and I'll try to be guided to a right choice at last."

Mr. Blorage was warmly welcomed by Dr. Evans, who opened the door to him.

"Now this is friendly. I have had a very anxious case, which has caused me much worry these three days. It is happily past the crisis now, and I was just saying to my wife how I should enjoy your stepping in."

"I am heartily glad I came."

"Of course you are. You are always kind and seasonable. When were you ever otherwise?"

The good Dick followed the Doctor (who was a voluble and hearty doctor) up the stairs into the presence of Mrs. Doctor. But Dick was unable to acknowledge Mrs. Doctor's cordial greeting by so much as a single word; for there before his eyes, seated on a little chair by Mrs. Evans's side, was Miss Gatty Bland, her innocent little face peeping out of a handkerchief tied over her head and under her chin.

"You know dear little Gatty, of course?" remarked the Doctor. "She is waiting for her mother's medicine.—I hope you have given Gatty a cup of tea, my dear?"

Mrs. Doctor's face expressed a profound contempt for Mr. Doctor's unnecessary reminder.

Meantime Dick sat down. He awaited with the calm composure of a victim of Fate for Miss Bland to offer him the use of her mother's beautiful china bowl.

She did nothing of the sort. In the ensuing half hour she made no allusion whatever either to china or to bowls, though the conversation turned upon no other subject than his approaching house-warming.

Dick was half sorry. He felt as if it would be so agreeable to thank such a charming little girl. If her mother had lent him her china bowl (he felt sure she possessed a china bowl) he must have called to thank her, and he felt a desire to become intimate with the family. He might, perhaps, be of service to them; was there any thing—or nothing—in that nomination he so nearly heard about? He invited Gatty to the house-warming, and anticipated her request for Jenny and Albert; he was not at all surprised to find that she *had* a sister Jenny and a brother Albert. But it did surprise him to see how pretty she became when joy flushed her cheeks and brightened her eyes, while several little dimples in the nicest corners of her face discovered themselves as she smiled her thanks.

"The very thing!" said Mrs. Evans; "a little gayety does more good than all my doctor's physic. Mr. Blorage, my dear, very thoughtful. You'll expect all four, I dare say—three girls and a boy."

"Only four! I expect eight at least."

"But, Mrs. Evans," whispered Gatty, "one of us must stay with mamma; that will be I, you know."

"My dear, *I* will see to that. I will step down in the morning, Gatty, and settle it all with mamma."

"And tell mamma from me," said the Doctor, "that I shall spend a couple of hours with her to-morrow evening. I want to study her case, and I shall like a little rest between your dances, Blorage."

"That is," said Gatty, smiling delightedly, "that you two are most kindly going to represent me for that time."

"Just so, my dear. What! Are you off, Gatty? Stay. We'll send our man Mike with you; the railway has brought a lot of ill-looking people about."

"Let me take you home, Miss Bland," said Dick.

"Oh! Thank you very much, Mr. Blorage. I own some of the people frighten me, though I think they mean no harm."

"We will have a game of chess when you come back, Blorage," says the Doctor.

What passed between little Gatty and her escort, and whether any thing passed on the subject of china bowls, nobody knows. The walk did not last longer than ten minutes. My private opinion is, that Dick treated Gatty all the way with the respect and deference due to a young princess accidentally committed to his care. When he returned to his game of chess, what with the remaining fumes of that bottle of wine, the extraordinary dream, and this odd approach to an interpretation of it, it is certain that he was in a romantic mood. He willingly listened to a long history of the Blands, during which Mr. and Mrs. Doctor maintained a laudatory duet very different indeed from the imaginary duet between Fanny and Florence.

"I only wish," cried the Doctor, at last, "that I had a son of thirty or thirty-five, with a good house, a good income, and a good heart. I would recommend him Gatty Bland for a wife with all my heart and soul, and he would thank me every year of his life ever afterward, even though he had to marry her whole family along with her!"

"Miss Bland," said Mr. Blorage, "spoke of a nomination—no, by-the-by, she didn't—it was a china bowl—dear me, what do I mean?—I think I hardly know what I do mean!"

"You look rather wild, Dick; of course I can't help you out. *I* don't know what you discoursed upon in your walk; but there appears to me no affinity between a nomination for the Blue-coat School and a china bowl."

"Oh! that's what she wants, is it? Blue-coat School! God bless my soul! Really a nomination, eh? Blue coat! Ah!—Check to your queen!"

Notwithstanding that check Dick lost the game. But he went home in a felicitous state of mind that made him feel as if he had won the game. He continued to repeat the word "Blue" to himself, as if he were under an obligation never to forget it. He went up to his bedroom chuckling "Blue;" he undressed chuckling "Blue;" he sat up in bed, after lying down, with a vehement "Blue;" and his last recollection was a struggle to say "Bluenomicoatation."

VI.

Mr. Blorage arose in a contented and happy frame of mind. The great day was the greatest of successes; nothing marred the triumph of the dinner, nothing marred the beauty of the ball. The hard-faced dowager sat in *the* chair, but she was just as forcible and disagreeable as usual; no more and no less. Mr. Blorage danced with Lady Fitzcluck, and bespoke Fanny, and Florence, and Gatty; for Gatty was there, demurely happy. Trust Mr. and Mrs. Doctor for Gatty's being there!

Florence looked most beautiful. She was charmingly dressed in white tarlatan—three skirts—pinked—each skirt looped up with a mixture of white roses and pomegranate blossoms. A wreath of the same for her hair. Fanny was dressed in floating robes of blue—less blue than her eyes. Her fair curls were twined with silver leaves: she looked like a nymph; Florence like a queen. Not the greatest gossip in the room could say which was the favorite. Neither could the greatest or the least gossip in the room decide at what particular moment the star of both descended below Mr. Blorage's horizon.

But he has confided to somebody, who confided it to me, who now confide it to you, that Miss Florence ceased to be beautiful in his eyes when she sneered at the plainness of the Miss Blands' muslin dresses. "And it is real ivy in their hair, Mr. Blorage, so they can't have gone to any great expense to do honor to your ball." And Miss Florence glanced down at her own dress.

"I like them all the better for it," stoutly answered Dick.

As to Miss Fanny, she was *so* astonished at the impertinence of such people as the Blands thrusting themselves into society so much above them! And her star descended at the instant when she was thus overcome.

Mr. Blorage accomplished his dances with Fanny and with Florence, but did not accomplish his dance with Gatty Bland. For on the instant that he claimed her hand Dr. Evans (sent off by his wife presently after dinner) returned from taking care of Mrs. Bland.

"Oh! Mr. Blorage, I must go—thank you so much for the happiest evening I ever spent, and the prettiest sight I ever saw!"

"No no no, you must not go; a quadrille takes only twenty minutes to dance."

"But mamma is alone now, and I should be quite unhappy all that twenty minutes, even though dancing with you. But there is Jenny, she dances so well, and she loves it so much, and —don't think me conceited, Mr. Blorage—she is so pretty."

"She is the prettiest girl in the room—but one," says Mr. Blorage in a whisper. And as he assists Gatty to put on her cloak he sees her, with unspeakable admiration, tie her little laced handkerchief over her head and under her chin, and look so indescribably like the dear darling little creature of his vision that he longs—infamous as is (of course) the thought—to clasp her, then and there, to his heart! But instead of doing so he flies back to the ball-room and engages Jenny out of hand. Thus Gatty, when she went home, was able to tell her mother that she took a last peep at the beautiful scene, and saw kind Mr. Blorage asking Jenny to dance, and Jenny looking as pretty as even those two lovely cousins Florence and Fanny. "They say Mr. Blorage is to marry one of them, mamma, but I hope not."

"Oh, my Gatty!"

"Well, mamma, you know I see a good deal of them here and there, and I am sure they are only pretty girls. They do not appreciate his great noble generous heart. But now, mamma, to bed you must go. No more excitement for you to-night."

Happily the excitement in the little family lasted a good many days, and afforded food for conversation morning, noon, and night. Indeed it was yet as fresh as ever when, one morning, the post brought a piece of news that fairly surpassed the house-warming—a nomination to the Blue-coat School in favor of no less a personage than Master Albert Bland. The commotion in that cottage—Well! It's a blessed thing to want something, for then you can duly appreciate the favor of having it. And it is a blessed thing to be rich, and liberal withal, for then you can bestow the favor so appreciated. Meantime Mr. Blorage divided his time pretty equally between his little office at the Bank, Dr. Evans's, the house belonging to the father of Florence, and the abode within which dwelt the lovely Fanny's aunt. And all these visits, combined with the still existing effects of his dream, ended in consequences.

The first consequence occurred to the self-satisfied William. His slow brother Dick acquired the ridiculous habit of demanding what Bill did with those sums of money he was forever borrowing? And—unkindest thing of all—Mr. Richard insinuated, nay, he more than insinuated, he plainly told Mr. William Blorage that he expected such sums to be repaid in future. And to show that this was no idle threat, he produced a ledger, wherein a debtor and creditor account was drawn up between Mr. Richard Blorage and Mr. William Blorage: which account displayed a state of account so alarming to Mr. William that he reformed rather. Imagine Mr. Dick's pleasure when William, Billy, or Bill applied in sober seriousness for that post of junior of all the junior clerks, whilom so despised by him!

Second important consequence. Mr. Richard Blorage committed a piece of extravagance. He caused to be executed for himself a statuette in white marble. Any orderers of statues, or other things to be made after a fashion of their own, may calculate what an enormous sum Mr. Blorage paid for his statue. It must be ethereal-looking (he said), it must have extended wings, it must be lightly poised on one foot; but, above all, it must have a slightly turned-up nose, and a little lace hankerchief tied under the chin!

* * * * * * * *

These consequences came to pass ten years ago. On the night of the thirty-first of December, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, let us take a peep into Mr. Blorage's house. Let us take a peep at Mr. Blorage in his dining-room. Dinner is over, wine and dessert are on table. The Chair is at the upper end of the room; above the chair is a lovely statuette on a carved oaken bracket.

Dick is reading the paper; so, at the same time, is some one else. Dick holds the paper in his right hand; his left hand clasps a little tiny hand of the said some one else: while the matcher to that small hand of the same some one else turns the leaves of the paper, so that Dick feels he has no want of another hand. If the owner of the small hand gets to the bottom of the page first—which she invariably does, being a woman—she lays her head confidingly on Dick's shoulder, and seems very well content to let it stay there as long as Dick chooses.

"But, hark! There is a noise overhead; a baize door closes with a muffled sound; there is a pattering of little feet, and there is a joyful chorus of little voices. Dick puts down the paper; his companion, flying to the door, opens it; in rush half a dozen small rosy boys and girls. (Most of these little children have noses of a slightly astronomical turn.)

Mamma prepares their dessert. There is a chair wanting at the table. In default of the missing chair, mamma wheels forward *the* Chair, and sits down in it.

"Papa, papa! Mamma is in the Chair of Truth," cries a child.

Clearly Mr. Blorage must have told his dream in the family circle.

"Then let us question her," says papa. "Mamma, are you happy?"

"Happy, as angels are said to be."

"Do you love us?"

"As (under God) my chief good, my life."

"Have you ever repented marrying Dick Blorage?"

This time the question is only answered by the surcharged eyes; expressive and loving eyes are often more ready to overflow from perfect happiness than from distress or pain.

HIS WONDERFUL END.

IT will have been, 'ere now, perceived that I sold the foregoing writings. From the fact of their being printed in these pages, the inference will, 'ere now, have been drawn by the reader (may I add the gentle reader?) that I sold them to One who never yet—[*]

Having parted with the writings on most satisfactory terms—for in opening negotiations with the present Journal was I not placing myself in the hands of One of whom it may be said, in the words of Another—[†] I resumed my usual functions. But I too soon discovered that peace of mind had fled from a brow which, up to that time, Time had merely took the hair off, leaving an unruffled expanse within.

It were superfluous to veil it—the brow to which I allude is my own.

Yes, over that brow uneasiness gathered like the sable wing of the fabled bird, as—as no doubt will be easily identified by all right-minded individuals. If not, I am unable, on the spur of the moment, to enter into particulars of him. The reflection that the writings must now inevitably get into print, and that He might yet live and meet with them, sat like the Hag of Night upon my jaded form. The elasticity of my spirits departed. Fruitless was the Bottle, whether Wine or Medicine. I had recourse to both, and the effect of both upon my system was witheringly lowering.

In this state of depression, into which I subsided when I first began to revolve what could I ever say if He—the unknown—was to appear in the Coffee Room and demand reparation, I one forenoon in this last November received a turn that appeared to be given me by the finger of Fate and Conscience, hand in hand. I was alone in the Coffee Room and had just poked the fire into a blaze, and was standing with my back to it, trying whether heat would penetrate with soothing influence to the Voice within, when a young man in a cap, of an intelligent countenance though requiring his hair cut, stood before me.

"Mr. Christopher, the Head Waiter."

"The same."

The young man shook his hair out of his vision—which it impeded—took a packet from his breast, and handing it over to me, said, with his eye (or did I dream?) fixed with a lambent meaning on me, "THE PROOFS."

Although I smelt my coat-tails singeing at the fire, I had not the power to withdraw them. The young man put the packet in my faltering grasp, and repeated—let me do him the justice to add, with civility:

"THE PROOFS. A. Y. R."

With these words he departed.

A. Y. R.? And You Remember. Was that his meaning? At Your Risk. Were the letters short for *that* reminder? Anticipate Your Retribution. Did they stand for *that* warning? Outdacious Youth Repent? But no; for that, a O was happily wanting, and the vowel here was a A.

I opened the packet and found that its contents were the foregoing writings printed, just as the reader (may I add the discerning reader?) peruses them. In vain was the reassuring whisper—A. Y. R., All the Year Round—it could not cancel the Proofs. Too appropriate name. The Proofs of my having sold the Writings.

My wretchedness daily increased. I had not thought of the risk I ran, and the defying publicity I put my head into, until all was done, and all was in print. Give up the money to be off the bargain, and prevent the publication, I could not. My family was down in the world, Christmas was coming on, a brother in the hospital and a sister in the rheumatics could not be entirely neglected. And it was not only ins in the family that had told on the resources of one unaided Waitering; outs were not wanting. A brother out of a situation, and another brother out of money to meet an acceptance, and another brother out of his mind, and another brother out at New York (not the same, though it might appear so), had really and truly brought me to a stand till I could turn myself round. I got worse and worse in my meditations, constantly reflecting "The Proofs," and reflecting that when Christmas drew nearer, and the Proofs were published, there could be no safety from hour to hour but that He might confront me in the Coffee Room, and in the face of day and his country demand his rights.

The impressive and unlooked-for catastrophe toward which I dimly pointed the reader (shall I add, the highly intellectual reader?) in my first remarks, now rapidly approaches.

It was November still, but the last echoes of the Guy-Foxes had long ceased to reverberate. We was slack—several joints under our average mark, and wine of course proportionate. So slack had we become at last, that Beds Nos. 26, 27, 28, and 31 having took their six o'clock dinners and dozed over their respective pints, had drove away in their respective Hansoms for their respective Night Mail-Trains, and left us empty.

I had took the evening paper to No. 6 table—which is warm and most to be preferred—and lost in the all-absorbing topics of the day, had dropped into a slumber. I was recalled to consciousness by the well-known intimation, "Waiter!" and replying "Sir!" found a gentleman standing at No. 4 table. The reader (shall I add, the observant reader?) will please to notice the locality of the gentleman—*at No. 4 table.*

He had one of the new-fangled uncollapsable bags in his hand (which I am against, for I don't see why you shouldn't collapse, when you are about it, as your fathers collapsed before you), and he said:

"I want to dine, waiter. I shall sleep here to-night."

"Very good, Sir. What will you take for dinner, Sir?"

"Soup, bit of codfish, oyster sauce, and the joint."

"Thank you, Sir."

I rang the chamber-maid's bell, and Mrs. Pratchett marched in, according to custom, demurely carrying a lighted flat candle before her, as if she was one of a long public procession, all the other members of which was invisible.

In the mean while the gentleman had gone up to the mantle-piece, right in front of the fire, and laid his forehead against the mantle-piece (which it is a low one, and brought him into the attitude of leap-frog), and had heaved a tremenjous sigh. His hair was long and lightish; and when he laid his forehead against the mantle-piece his hair all fell in a dusty fluff together over his eyes; and when he now turned round and lifted up his head again, it all fell in a dusty fluff together over his ears. This give him a wild appearance, similar to a blasted heath.

"Oh! The chamber-maid. Ah!" He was turning something in his mind. "To be sure. Yes. I won't go up stairs now, if you will take my bag. It will be enough for the present to know my number.—Can you give me 24 B?"

(O Conscience, what a Adder art thou!)

Mrs. Pratchett allotted him the room, and took his bag to it. He then went back before the fire, and fell a biting his nails.

"Waiter!" biting between the words, "give me," bite, "pen and paper; and in five minutes," bite, "let me have, if you please," bite, "a," bite, "Messenger."

Unmindful of his waning soup, he wrote and sent off six notes before he touched his dinner. Three were City; three West-End. The City letters were to Cornhill, Ludgate-hill, and Farringdon Street. The West-End letters were to Great Marlborough Street, New Burlington Street, and Piccadilly. Every body was systematically denied at every one of the six places, and there was not a vestige of any answer. Our light porter whispered to me when he came back with that report, "All Booksellers."

But before then he had cleared off his dinner and his bottle of wine. He now—mark the concurrence with the document formerly given in full!—knocked a plate of biscuits off the table with his agitated elber (but without breakage), and demanded boiling brandy-and-water.

Now fully convinced that it was Himself, I perspired with the utmost freedom. When he become flushed with the heated stimulant referred to, he again demanded pen and paper, and passed the succeeding two hours in producing a manuscript, which he put in the fire when completed. He then went up to bed, attended by Mrs. Pratchett. Mrs. Pratchett (who was aware of my emotions) told me on coming down that she had noticed his eye rolling into every corner of the passages and staircase, as if in search of his Luggage, and that, looking back as she shut the door of 24 B, she perceived him with his coat already thrown off immersing himself bodily under the bedstead, like a chimley-sweep before the application of machinery.

The next day—I forbear the horrors of that night—was a very foggy day in our part of London, insomuch that it was necessary to light the Coffee Room gas. We was still alone, and no feverish words of mine can do justice to the fitfulness of his appearance as he sat at No. 4 table, increased by there being something wrong with the meter.

Having again ordered his dinner he went out, and was out for the best part of two hours. Inquiring on his return whether any of the answers had arrived, and receiving an unqualified negative, his instant call was for mulligatawny, the cayenne pepper, and orange brandy.

Feeling that the mortal struggle was now at hand, I also felt that I must be equal to him, and with that view resolved that whatever he took I would take. Behind my partition, but keeping my eye on him over the curtain, I therefore operated on Mulligatawny, Cayenne Pepper, and Orange Brandy. And at a later period of the day, when he again said "Orange Brandy," I said so too, in a lower tone, to George, my Second Lieutenant (my First was absent on leave), who acts between me and the bar.

Throughout that awful day he walked about the Coffee Room continually. Often he came close up to my partition, and then his eye rolled within, too evidently in search of any signs of his Luggage. Half past six came, and I laid his cloth. He ordered a bottle of old Brown. I likewise ordered a bottle of old Brown. He drank his, I drank mine (as nearly as my duties would permit), glass for glass against his. He topped with coffee and a small glass. I topped with coffee and a small glass. He dozed. I dozed. At last, "Waiter!"—and he ordered his bill. The moment was now at hand when we two must be locked in the deadly grapple.

Swift as the arrow from the bow I had formed my resolution: in other words, I had hammered it out between nine and nine. It was, that I would be the first to open up the subject with a full acknowledgment, and would offer any gradual settlement within my power. He paid his bill (doing what was right by attendance) with his eye rolling about him to the last, for any tokens of his Luggage. One only time our gaze then met, with the lustrous fixedness (I believe I am correct in imputing that character to it?) of the well-known Basilisk. The decisive moment had arrived.

With a tolerable steady hand, though with humility, I laid The Proofs before him.

"Gracious Heavens!" he cries out, leaping up and catching hold of his hair. "What's this! Print!"

"Sir," I replied, in a calming voice, and bending forward, "I humbly acknowledge to being the unfortunate cause of it. But I hope, Sir, that when you have heard the circumstances explained, and the innocence of my intentions—"

To my amazement I was stopped short by his catching me in both his arms, and pressing me to his breast-bone; where I must confess to my face (and particular nose) having undergone some temporary vexation from his wearing his coat buttoned high up, and his buttons being uncommon hard.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he cries, releasing me with a wild laugh, and grasping my hand. "What is your name, my Benefactor?"

"My name, Sir" (I was crumpled, and puzzled to make him out), "is Christopher: and I hope, Sir, that as such when you've heard my ex—"

"In print!" he exclaims again, dashing the proofs over and over as if he was bathing in them. "In print!! Oh, Christopher! Philanthropist! Nothing can recompense you—but what sum of money would be acceptable to you?"

I had drawn a step back from him, or I should have suffered from his buttons again.

"Sir, I assure you I have been already well paid, and—"

"No, no, Christopher! Don't talk like that! What sum of money would be acceptable to you, Christopher? Would you find twenty pounds acceptable, Christopher?"

However great my surprise, I naturally found words to say, "Sir, I am not aware that the man was ever yet born without more than the average amount of water on the brain, as would *not* find twenty pound acceptable. But—extremely obliged to you, Sir, I'm sure;" for he had tumbled it out of his purse and crammed it in my hand in two bank-notes; "but I could wish to know, Sir, if not intruding, how I have merited this liberality?"

"Know then, my Christopher," he says, "that from boyhood's hour I have unremittingly and unavailingly endeavored to get into print. Knew, Christopher, that all the Booksellers alive—and several dead—have refused to put me into print. Know, Christopher, that I have written unprinted Reams. But they shall be read to you, my friend and brother. You sometimes have a holiday?"

Seeing the great danger I was in, I had the presence of mind to answer, "Never!" To make it more final, I added, "Never! Not from the cradle to the grave."

"Well," says he, thinking no more about that, and chuckling at his proofs again. "But I am in print! The first flight of ambition emanating from my father's lowly cot is realized at length! The golden bowl!"—he was getting on—"struck by the magic hand, has emitted a complete and perfect sound! When did this happen, my Christopher?"

"Which happen, Sir?"

"This," he held it out at arm's-length to admire it, "this Per-rint."

When I had given him my detailed account of it, he grasped me by the hand again, and said:

"Dear Christopher, it should be gratifying to you to know that you are an instrument in the hands of Destiny. Because you *are*."

A passing Something of a melancholy cast put it into my head to shake it, and to say: "Perhaps we all are."

"I don't mean that," he answered; "I don't take that wide range; I confine myself to the special case. Observe me well, my Christopher! Hopeless of getting rid, through any effort of my own, of any of the manuscripts among my Luggage—all of which, send them where I would, were always coming back to me—it is now some seven years since I left that Luggage here, on the desperate chance, either that the too too faithful manuscripts would come back to me no more, or that some one less accursed than I might give them to the world. You follow me, my Christopher?"

"Pretty well, Sir." I followed him so far as to judge that he had a weak head, and that the Orange the Boiling and Old Brown combined was beginning to tell. (The old Brown being heady is best adapted to seasoned cases.)

"Years elapsed, and those compositions slumbered in dust. At length Destiny, choosing her agent from all mankind, sent You here, Christopher, and lo! the Casket was burst asunder, and the Giant was free!"

He made hay of his hair after he said this, and he stood a tip-toe.

"But," he reminded himself in a state of great excitement, "we must sit up all night, my Christopher. I must correct these Proofs for the press. Fill all the inkstands and bring me several new pens."

He smeared himself and he smeared the Proofs, the night through, to that degree, that when Sol give him warning to depart (in a four-wheeler), few could have said which was them, and which was him, and which was blots. His last instructions was, that I should instantly run and take his corrections to the office of the present Journal. I did so. They most likely will not appear in print, for I noticed a message being brought round from Beaufort Printing House while I was a throwing this concluding statement on paper, that the ole resources of that establishment was unable to make out what they meant. Upon which a certain gentleman in company, as I will not more particularly name—but of whom it will be sufficient to remark, standing on the broad basis of a wave-girt isle, that whether we regard him in the light of—[*] laughed, and put the corrections in the fire.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF FREDERICKSBURG.

WE illustrate this memorable event, which took place on Thursday, December 11, on pages 817 and 820. The following extracts from the correspondence of the *Herald* and *Times* will serve to explain our pictures. The *Herald* writer, on 11th, says:

THE BOMBARDMENT.

Last evening, at sundown, the movement commenced. Batteries hastened to the front, wagon trains were removed from the vicinity of the anticipated battle, the ponderous pontoons joined the current hurrying riverward, and night closed down upon us bright and beautiful, with our pulses throbbing quick with eager expectations. Artillery never seemed to rumble so noisily before, and the sharp cluck of the iron axles echoed far and near, as if in league with the enemy. Down by the river every thing was as quiet as peace. Our pickets, composed of the Fifty-first Pennsylvania regiment, sat listlessly about their fires, watching the rebel sentries and crunching hard tack. The river swept smoothly by, placid as the sky above, and just over there, so close one almost wished to tell them of their error, stood the rebel sentries, while a soothing movement of rushing waters in the rapids up stream swelled softly down the valley. From the thresholds of the city the sharp yelp of curs rang now and then discordantly upon the ear; but with the batteries in position the cause of their outcry would be removed, and silence again settle down upon the town, broken only by the tones of the town-clock telling the midnight hours. And so the time slipped along. The moon climbed higher up, and the falling dew whitened into frost upon our pouches, while the horses, restless in the chill night air, moved to and fro uneasily in their harness.

At two o'clock our pickets were withdrawn, and at three the pontoon train drove down to the water. Lumber was noiselessly piled upon the ground, and the huge boats slid from off their trucks. Then we hear a splashing in the river—a dark pathway lengthens out upon the silver surface, shadows flit here and there along its track, the lusty blows of hammers re-echo from side to side. And yet no sound comes from the enemy. "Have they evacuated the place?" "Are we not to fight here after all?" is asked. Suddenly, Crack! crack! crack! from a hundred muskets tells us the ball is opened. A cry of pain comes up the bank from the gallant engineers, mules dash off, with pontoons thundering after, across the plot; the musketry grows louder and the whiz of bullets more frequent; frightened teamsters fly, panic-stricken, and the artillery horses plunge at the caissons. Suddenly, boom! goes a gun—another and another, until thirty pieces are pouring shot and shell upon the devoted city. Graham, who did so gloriously at Antietam; Kirby, with Ricketts's old Bull Run battery; Miller, Durell, Tyler, Smith, Hazard, Kinsey, and Dickson, all join in the uproar, and musketry is lost to the ear in the mighty roar that re-echoes again and again from hill to hill. Gradually the fire slackens, and the engineers again attempt the completion of the bridge, but in vain; and after a third trial they fall back, bearing in their arms their wounded, dead, and dying.

It was designed to lay down two bridges at once, one at the lower and the other at the upper end of the city. The enemy, posted in the houses and cellars, upon the bank of the river, were safe from our infantry, and maintained a continuous fire. Our infantry returned the fire spiritedly, but finding it impossible to drive the rebels from their cover, finally withdrew, leaving the disposition of the enemy to our artillery.

By this time it was sunrise. The engineers (Fiftieth New York) and the Fifty-seventh and Sixty-sixth New York regiments had suffered heavily, and the wounded soon began to crowd the floors of the Lacy House. Other regiments had also suffered, though much less, and the surgeons soon had work enough.

---

[*] The remainder of this complimentary sentence editorially struck out.

[†] The remainder of this complimentary parenthesis editorially struck out.

[*] The remainder of this complimentary parenthesis editorially struck out.

About eight o'clock the artillery fire ceased. The fog was so dense that objects were invisible one hundred yards from the guns. Fredericksburg was as silent as before. Again the engineers advance, and again the enemy drive them back, orderlies gallop to the different batteries with instructions; a message orders from Aquia a special train with solid shot; and again the thunder breaks out anew. For a time the roar is indescribably awful. The city from its walls of brick hurls back a thousand echoes, which beat up against the Falmouth bluff, roll back again beyond the town, and then from the distant hills once more swell over to us, as though the heavens were rent asunder. At General Sumner's head-quarters, half a mile distant, it becomes difficult to converse in a low tone, while at the batteries orders must be signaled. By-and-by the firing ceases, and one is almost awe-stricken with the profound silence. The mist still clings to the river, the sun struggles up red and fiery, and the air is suffocating with the odor of gunpowder. Presently the bank of fog begins to lift a little, the glistening roofs gleam faintly through the veil, then the sunbeams scatter the clouds that intervene, and Fredericksburg, utterly desolate, stands out before. A huge column of dense black smoke towers like a monument above the livid flames, that leap and hiss and crackle, licking up the snow upon the roofs with lambent tongues, and stretching like a giant. The guns renew their roar, and we see the solid shot plunge through the masonry as though it were pasteboard; other buildings are fired, and before sundown a score of houses are in ashes, while not one seems to have escaped the pitiless storm of iron. A less number have been fired than was anticipated; but the damage done by solid shot is terrible, and will require years to repair. Among the sufferers is Mr. Garland, a loyal refugee, who witnessed the bombardment from the head-quarters of General Sumner, of whose staff his son is a member. The residence of Mr. Slaughter, father of the Mayor, Dr. Wallace's, Mrs. Hayes's, and Timberlake's auction and commission store, are among the buildings burned. An English ensign hung conspicuously from one of the houses, which, fortunately for the inmates, was less exposed to our fire. Females could be seen darting through the streets, negroes carrying furniture from burning houses, and now and then a rebel gliding from one hiding-place to another. Our artillery would drive the enemy from their cover upon the bank of the river, but when compelled to cease, in order not to endanger the lives of the regiments, the rebels would immediately steal back and pick off our men with the rifle.

THE FORLORN HOPE.

The *Times* correspondent thus describes the gallant performance of General Hall's brigade:

> During the thick of the bombardment a fresh attempt had been made to complete the bridge. It failed, and evidently nothing could be done till a party could be thrown over to clean out the rebels and cover the bridge head. For this mission General Burnside called for volunteers, and Colonel Hall, of Fort Sumter fame, immediately responded that he had a brigade that would do the business. Accordingly, the Seventh Michigan and Nineteenth Massachusetts, two small regiments, numbering in all about four hundred men, were selected for the purpose.
>
> The plan was that they should take the pontoon boats of the first bridge, of which there were ten lying on the bank of the river, waiting to be added to the half-finished bridge, cross over in them, and landing, drive out the rebels.
>
> Nothing could be more admirable or more gallant than the execution of this daring feat. Rushing down the steep banks of the river, the party found temporary shelter behind the pontoon boats lying scattered on the bank, and behind the piles of planking destined for the covering of the bridge, behind rocks, etc. In this situation they acted some fifteen or twenty minutes as sharp-shooters, they and the rebels observing each other. In the mean time new and vigorous artillery-firing was commenced on our part, and just as soon as this was fairly developed, the Seventh Michigan rose from their crouching-places, rushed for the pontoon boats, and pushing them into the water, rapidly filled them with twenty-five or thirty each.
>
> The first boat pushes off. Now, if ever, is the rebels' opportunity. Crack! crack! crack! from fifty lurking-places go rebel rifles at the gallant fellows, who, stooping low in the boat, seek to avoid the fire. The murderous work was well done. Lustily, however, pull the oarsmen; and presently, having passed the middle of the stream, the boat and its gallant freight come under cover of the opposite bluffs.
>
> Another and another boat follows. Now is their opportunity. Nothing could be more amusing in its way than the result. Instantly they see a new turn of affairs. The rebels pop up by the hundred, like so many rats, from every cellar, rifle-pit, and stone wall, and scamper off up the streets of the town. With all their fleetness, however, many of them were much too slow. With incredible rapidity the Michigan and Massachusetts boys sweep up the hill, making a rush for the lurking-places occupied by the rebels, and gaining them, each man capturing his two or three prisoners. The pontoon boats on their return trip took over more than a hundred of these fellows.
>
> You can imagine with what intense interest the crossing of the first boat-load of our men was watched by the numerous spectators on the shore, and with what enthusiastic shouts their landing on the opposite side was greeted. It was an authentic piece of human heroism, which moves men as nothing else can. The problem was solved. This flash of bravery had done what scores of batteries and tons of metal had failed to accomplish. The country will not forget that little band.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Holiday Present.

THE BIRD WORK-HOLDER for the lap, in hand sewing, and NAPKIN-HOLDER at the table. *Small, neat, and ornamental.* Free by mail on receipt of price.

Heavily plated, in Gold, 50 cents.
" " in Silver, 25 cents.

Address
ALLYN & PHELPS,
Inventors and Manufacturers' Depot,
429 Broadway, New York.

THE BEST GIFT

For SOLDIERS IN THE FIELD, "EVANS' PORTABLE CAMP COOKING STOVE, which furnishes every convenience for a MESS OF FOUR OFFICERS; is packed for transportation, with seven feet of pipe, in mess chest twenty by twenty-four inches, and twelve inches deep. Can be put up in *five minutes*. Price, with chest, $15. Or one of EVANS' PORTABLE TENT HEATERS—will heat any tent in the service, is packed with seven feet of pipe, in box ten inches square and eight inches deep. Price complete $5. Send for Circular.

J. W. EVANS, 21 John Street, N. Y.

The Prince of Holiday Gifts or Presents.

"THE CRAIG MICROSCOPE"

Magnifies small objects 10,000 times. So simple that a child may use it. A most suitable present for any person. Price by mail $2 25; with six mounted objects $3. Address HENRY CRAIG, 182 Centre Street, New York.

BEAUTY.—Hunt's Bloom of Roses, a charming and perfectly natural color for the cheeks, or lips. Will not wash off, but remains durable for years. Can only be removed with vinegar, and warranted not to injure the skin. Used by the celebrated Court Beauties of Europe exclusively. Mailed free from observation for one dollar.

HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 S. Seventh St., Philad.

Splendid Holiday Presents.

100,000 WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

WORTH $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100	Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
100	Gold Watches	60 00 each.
200	Ladies' Gold Watches	35 00 each.
500	Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	15 00 each.
3000	Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000	Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000	" " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000	Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
5100	Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 8 00 each.
3000	Watch Keys	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000	Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000	Sets of Bosom Studs	2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000	Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000	Plain Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000	Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000	Lockets	2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000	Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000	Gold Pens, with Silver Mounted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000	Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All Gold Pens 14 Carats and Warranted.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

India-Rubber Gloves cure Chapped Hands, Salt Rheum, &c., and render them soft, smooth, and snowy white; are impervious to water either hot or cold, and are an excellent protection in all kinds of house-work. For sale by the trade generally. Sent by mail on receipt of price and 4 stamps to pay postage. Ladies' sizes 75 c. a pair; Gents sizes, $1 00.

GOODYEAR'S I. R. GLOVE M'F'G CO.,
205 Broadway, N. Y.,

Dealers in every description of Rubber Goods, Wholesale and Retail.

Something New for Holiday Presents.

Gent's Vest Chains, finished in Jet Enamel, very neat, fashionable, and entirely new. Sent free of expense to any address on receipt of *One Dollar*.

J. L. FERGUSON, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

A Valuable Holiday Gift

to your relative or friend in the Army or Navy. One of

SEMMONS' FIELD-MARINE GLASSES,

combining extraordinary power and field. Price from $20 to $50. Sent free every where.

SEMMONS, Optician,
669½ Broadway, opposite Bond Street.

J. W. MERSEREAU, Men's Furnishing Goods

—AND—

GOLDEN HILL SHIRTS.

No. 2 Warren Street.
SECOND DOOR FROM BROADWAY, **NEW YORK.**
Represented by N. R. MERSEREAU, L. N. WYANT.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent, at half rates, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

FRENCH WINES AND BRANDIES.

From Paul de Coninck, Monod & Guiraud, Bordeaux, France. Warranted strictly pure. For sale by

J. MARC MARTIN, Importer,
No. 203 Pearl Street, New York.

MILITARY GOODS.

Swords for Presentation, Sashes, Belts, and Epaulettes, Guns, Pistols, and Revolvers.

Every article in the Military Line Wholesale and Retail.

W. J. Syms & Bro.,
300 Broadway, New York.

CHAPPED HANDS, FACE, LIPS, SUNBURN, &c.—Certain and Immediate Cure.

HEGEMAN & Co.'s CAMPHOR ICE with GLYCERINE, if used according to the directions, will keep the hands soft in the coldest weather. Price 25 cents. Sold by Druggists. Sent by mail on receipt of 30 cents.

HEGEMAN & Co., Chemists and Druggists, New York.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and *thriving settlement* of *Vineland*. *Rich* soil. Good crops of *Wheat, Corn, Peaches*, &c., to be *seen*—only 30 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful *climate*—20 acre tracts of from $15 to $20 per acre, payable within 4 years. Good schools and society. Hundreds are settling. Apply to CHAS. K. LANDIS, P.M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Report of Solon Robinson and Vineland Rural sent free. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.

"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position, and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies.

Duff's College

PITTSBURG, PA.
FOUNDED IN 1840.
INCORPORATED BY LEGISLATIVE CHARTER.

Being the only Commercial College in the Union conducted by a PRACTICAL MERCHANT.

Over 6,000 Students

Have been educated in the principles and practice of all the details of a business education from Duff's system of

MERCANTILE BOOK-KEEPING.

Awarded four Silver Medals and the sanction of the highest mercantile authorities in the country. Also, Duff's

STEAMBOAT BOOK-KEEPING,

"A perfect system for such books and accounts." Also, Duff's new system of

RAILROAD BOOK-KEEPING,

After the forms of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Also, Duff's new system of

PRIVATE BANK BOOK-KEEPING,

The only one in use in the city. The above systems of accounts are all taught under the daily supervision of the author, and it is believed to a degree of perfection never attained elsewhere.

TWELVE FIRST PREMIUMS

For best Business and Ornamental Penmanship, awarded our present Penman, by the

United States Fair at Cincinnati in	1860.
Pennsylvania State Fair at Wyoming	1860.
Western Pennsylvania Fair at Pittsburg	1860.
Western Virginia Fair at Wheeling	1860.
and the Ohio State Fair at Cleveland	1862.

All of which are exhibited at our office.

Harper's enlarged edition of DUFF'S BOOK-KEEPING for sale by Booksellers. Price $1 50.

☞ For full particulars, send for our new circular, pp. 68, with samples of our penman's writing, inclosing 25 cents to P. DUFF & SON, Principals.

Just Tribute to Merit.

AT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, LONDON,
July 11th, 1862,

Duryeas' Maizena

Was the only "preparation for food from Indian Corn" that received a medal and honorable mention from the Royal Commissioners, the competition of all prominent manufacturers of "Corn Starch" and "Prepared Corn Flour" of this and other countries notwithstanding.

Maizena

The food and luxury of the age, without a single fault. One trial will convince the most sceptical. Makes Puddings, Cakes, Custards, Blanc Mange, &c., without isinglass, with few or no eggs, at a cost astonishing the most economical. A slight addition to ordinary Wheat Flour greatly improves Bread and Cake. It is also excellent for thickening sweet sauces, gravies for fish and meat, soups, &c. For Ice Cream nothing can compare with it. A little boiled in milk will produce rich Cream for coffee, chocolate, tea, &c. Put up in 1 pound packages, with directions.

A most delicious article of food for children and invalids of all ages. For sale by Grocers and Druggists everywhere.

Manufactured at Glen Cove, Long Island.

Wholesale Depot, 166 Fulton Street.

WM. DURYEA, General Agent.

MAGIC TIME OBSERVERS

THE PERFECTION OF MECHANISM.

BEING A HUNTING AND OPEN FACE, OR LADY'S OR GENTLEMAN'S WATCH COMBINED.

One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it and connected with its machinery its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 16 carat gold. It has the improved ruby action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timepiece. Price, superbly engraved, per case of a half dozen, $204 00. Sample Watches, in neat morocco boxes, for those proposing to buy at wholesale, $35, sent by express, with bill payable on delivery. Soldiers must remit payment in advance, as we can not collect from those in the Army. Address

HUBBARD BROS., SOLE IMPORTERS,
Cor. John and Nassau Streets, New York.

LIST OF COLORS.

Black,
Dark Brown,
Snuff Brown,
Light Brown,
Dark Blue,
Light Blue,
Dark Green,
Light Green,
Pink,
Purple,
Slate,
Crimson,
Salmon,
Scarlet,
Dark Drab,
Light Drab,
Yellow,
Light Yellow,
Orange,
Magenta,
Solferino,
French Blue,
Royal Purple,
and
Violet.

PERFECT FAST COLORS.

Family Dye Colors.

For dyeing SILK, WOOLEN and MIXED GOODS, SHAWLS, SCARFS, DRESSES, RIBBONS, GLOVES, BONNETS, HATS, FEATHERS, KID GLOVES, CHILDREN'S CLOTHING, and all kinds of WEARING APPAREL, with perfect fast colors.

A Saving of 80 per cent.

These Dyes are mixed in the form of powders, concentrated, are thoroughly tested, and put up in neat packages. For twenty-five cents you can color as many goods as would otherwise cost five times that sum. The process is simple, and any one can use the Dyes with perfect success. Directions inside of each Package.

Manufactured by HOWE & STEVENS, 258 Broadway, Boston.

☞ For sale by Wholesale Druggists in New York and other Cities.

PRINCE'S IMPROVED FOUNTAIN PEN.—One filling writes 8 to 10 hours. Sent by mail. Send stamp for circular. GEO. F. HAWKES, No. 64 Nassau St., N. Y.

HOLIDAY AND BIRTHDAY GIFTS FOR CHILDREN.

The most useful and beneficial are the Patent Spring Rocking Horses, invented by Jesse C. Crandall. They expand the chest, and teach the rider to sit correctly. Send stamp inclosed for illustrated circular and price list. Also, Sleighs, Propellers, Drums, &c.

L. TIBBALS, No. 480 Broadway, New York.

CATARRH!—Dr. Goodale's CATARRH REMEDY penetrates to the very seat of this terrible disease, and exterminates it, root and branch. Price $1 00. Send a stamp for a pamphlet. Depot 612 Broadway.

WEDDING CARDS

These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Old Establishment, 302 Broadway, cor. Duane St., N.Y. ☞ Established 1840. ☞ For Specimens by Mail, send two stamps.

Hints to Company Officers

ON THEIR

Military Duties.

By CAPT. C. C. ANDREWS,
Of the Third Minnesota Regt., U. S. Vols.

The principal portion of this work was written while the author was confined as a prisoner of war in the State of Georgia, and contains, in a small compass, a large amount of information to Company Officers which can not be found in the "Regulations." An officer can not fail to be better qualified for a command after a careful perusal of its pages.

1 vol. 18mo. Cloth.................. 50 cents.

Copies sent free by mail on receipt of price.

D. VAN NOSTRAND, Publisher,
192 Broadway, New York.

An Invaluable Present

to your relative or friend is a pair of Semmons' Improved Pantoscopic Spectacles—in Gold Frames, from $10 to $20. Gold Eye Glasses from $8 to $25. Sent free, and will be exchanged if not suited.

SEMMONS, Optician,
669½ Broadway, under Lafarge House.

$55 WATCHES. $55
"Holiday Presents."

A *Genuine* DIAMOND SET, Solid 16 k. Gold Hunting Case "Ladies' Watch" for $55, the usual retail price of which is from $75 to $100. All kinds of Watches Retailed at Wholesale prices. Send for a Circular.

J. L. FERGUSON, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

SOMETHING NEW.

NATIONAL AMERICAN AMUSEMENT CARDS. Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 enameled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Four packs mailed free on receipt of One Dollar. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING AGENCY,
14 Chambers Street, New York.

Attention Masons and Soldiers.

I will send (as sample), on the receipt of $1, a handsome Gold Masonic Pin or Ring, or Plated Vest chain, or a fine Gold Pen and Pencil, or Engraved Locket, or Bracelet, or Neck Chain, or a beautiful set of Jewelry, together with my wholesale Circular. B. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler, 208 Broadway, New York.

NEW NOVELS, by Lady Clara Cavendish.—The Woman of the World.—Lisa; or, the Mesmerist's Victim.—The Divorce, a Tale of Fashionable Life.—Margaret, Marchioness of Miniver. Price Fifty Cents each.

Mailed, free of postage, on receipt of price.

FREDERICK A. BRADY, Publisher, 24 Ann Street, N. Y. For sale in Philadelphia by T. B. PETERSONN & BROTHERS.

New Music Book for Sunday Schools.

YOUTHFUL VOICES.

A COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND TUNES for the use of Sunday Schools. The Music edited by B. J. LANG. Price, cloth, $4 00 per doz.; boards, $3 00 per doz.; single copies, cloth, 50 cts.; boards, 35 cts. The object of this book is to present a collection of Hymns and Tunes embodying liberal and cheerful sentiment, avoiding those harsh features so unattractive and unsuited to the young, but which have become stereotyped into most collections of the kind. Copies will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of the price, by the publishers, OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

Cristadoro's Hair Dye.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative.

Unequaled as a dressing. Both for sale everywhere, and applied at No. 6 Astor House, N. Y.

Rheumatism—Who has it?

It has been confessedly acknowledged by thousands who have used them, that the Galvano Electro Metallic Insoles are the only preventive and cure. Sold by all druggists and shoe dealers generally. Price $1; sent by mail for $1 25. Secured by English and American Patents. Send for a circular. METTAM & CO., 429 Broadway.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

MOUSTACHES AND WHISKERS IN 42 DAYS. Hunting, Fishing, and many other *Great Secrets*, all in the *Book of Wonders*. 7,500 sold. 8th Ed. Price only **20c.** 8 for $1. Mailed *free*. Address

C. E. HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00

An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
One Copy for Two Years 5 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25.

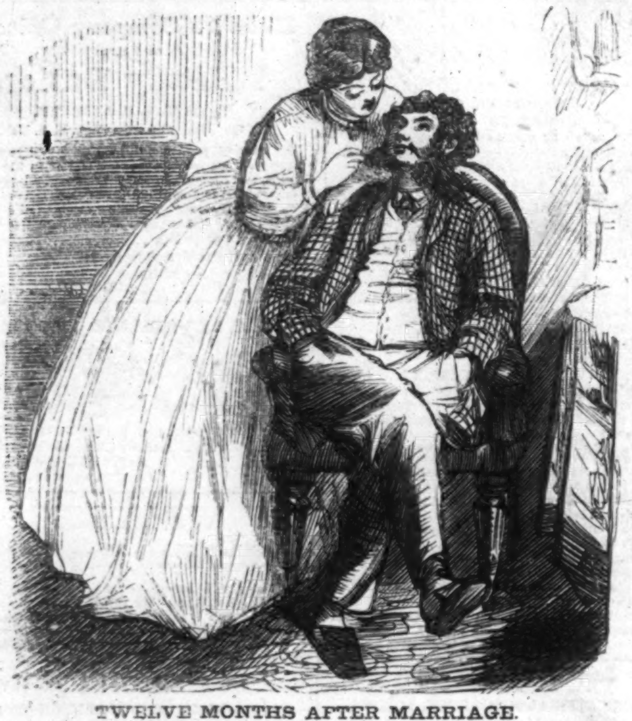
HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is electrotyped, and *Back Numbers* can be had at any time.

Vols. I., II., III., IV., and V., for the Years 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, and 1861, of "HARPER'S WEEKLY," handsomely bound in Cloth extra, Price $4 37 each, are now ready.

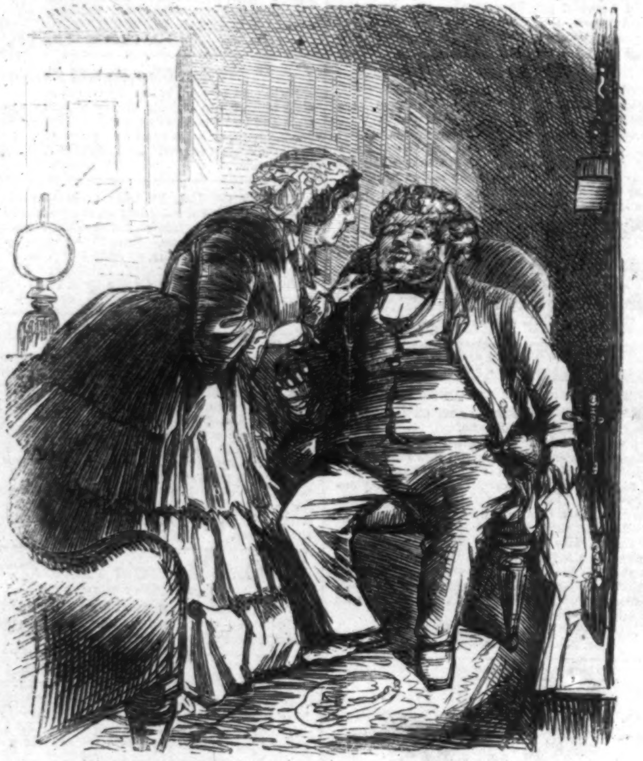
☞ The Publishers employ no TRAVELING AGENTS. Parties who desire to subscribe to *Harper's Magazine* or *Harper's Weekly* had better remit direct to the Publishers, or pay their subscription to some Postmaster or General Agent with whom they are acquainted, and of whose responsibility they are assured.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.



TWELVE MONTHS AFTER MARRIAGE.

"Bobby ought to love his Pet for taking such care of his beautiful Whiskers."



TWENTY YEARS AFTER MARRIAGE.

"My dear Bobby, you must let me pull it off your Nose; it looks so horrid."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Holiday Basket.

AGENTS.—EVERYBODY IS ASKING AND CHILdren crying for the great new Holiday Prize Package, or Santa Claus Christmas Basket, containing Panoramas of Christmas Fun, Merry Games, Astrologist Cards, Winter Evening Sketches, Shadows on the Wall, Funny Faces, Boxes of Paints, Writing Paper, 450 Mottoes, presents of Jewelry, &c.; retail only 25 cents. Send for circular. S. C. RICKARDS & CO., 102 Nassau St., N. Y.

A SPECULATION.

$15 per day made sure, and more if you persevere selling our great NEW STYLE Union Prize and Stationery Package. Something NOVEL and UNEQUALED. Different to all old styles, and containing ALL NEW ARTICLES of good quality. Writing Materials and Fancy Articles worth $1 for only 25 cents. They are standard goods, and *everybody wants them.* Profits immense and sales quick. We give as a *free present* to each person who orders our Packages A SPLENDID WATCH, *warranted as a timekeeper.* Packages in endless variety and at all prices. Agents wanted in every Camp and every Town. This is a *chance for soldiers* in camp or discharged. Send for our *New* Circulars containing *Extra* inducements.

S. C. RICKARDS & CO., 102 Nassau Street, New York, largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.

GREAT TRIUMPH.

STEINWAY & SONS, Nos. 82 and 84 Walker Street, N. Y., were awarded a *first prize medal* at the late Great International Exhibition, London. There were two hundred and sixty-nine pianos from all parts of the world entered for competition.

The special correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinways' endorsement by the Jurors is *emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker.*"

MAGIC POCKET BOOKS, with elastic band, for the new Postage Currency, made and sold wholesale and retail by SNOW & HAPGOOD, Pathfinder Office, 22 Court Street, Boston, Mass. Agents wanted. Sample sent, post-paid, for 15 cents.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe for a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all lung complaints, by sending to D. Adee, 381 Pearl St., N. Y. He sends it free. Write for it.—It has cured thousands.

65 Maiden Lane, cor. William St.

New Toys and Holiday Presents.

We offer the largest assortment

OF NEW AND DESIRABLE GOODS
AT THE MOST REASONABLE PRICES.

We are sure of your patronage if you will give us a call.

STRASBURGER & NUHN, Importers,
No. 65 Maiden Lane, Corner of William St., New York.

W. H. LEE & CO.
WARE ROOMS
199 Fulton Street,
N. Y.

W. H. LEE. 199 and 201 Fulton St. J. M. OTTER.

McClellan Medal.

THE McCLELLAN MEDAL in Silver, Bronze, Nickel, Copper, and Tin now ready. Specimens in Nickel, Copper, or Tin sent, post-paid, on receipt of 25 cents. Collectors, Sutlers, and Dealers supplied by the 100 or 1000. Circulars sent free. Address S. G. UPHAM, 403 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MUSICAL BOXES,

Playing from 1 to 24 tunes, and costing from $2 25 to $250 00. My stock (the largest in the country) has never been more complete. I now offer the whole at RETAIL.

M. J. PAILLARD, Importer, 21 Maiden Lane (up stairs), New York.

A New Story by Arthur!

A New Serial, by T. S. ARTHUR, entitled, "OUT IN THE WORLD," is commenced in the January Number of Arthur's Home Magazine. For sale by News Dealers. Yearly terms $2. Four copies $5. Published by T. S. ARTHUR & CO., 323 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,
19 Maiden Lane and 22 John Street,
15 Rue d'Enghein, Paris.
47 Hampton St., Birmingham. Eng.

Are now receiving by every Steamer New and desirable styles of

FRENCH AND ENGLISH FANCY GOODS,
Suitable for the Holiday trade,
Consisting in part of

Bronzes, Mantel Ornaments, Marble Clocks, Card Receivers, Photograph Albums, Portmonnaies, Odeur Cases, Field and Opera Glasses, Work Boxes, Dressing Cases, Party & Bridal Fans, Leather Bags.

Also, a great variety of
FINE JET AND CORAL GOODS,

To which they invite the attention of all parties purchasing in this line. A full Stock of

Military Goods, Guns, Pistols, Cutlery, Plated Ware, Watches, Diamonds, etc.

Also FINE ENGLISH SKATES.

Entrance 19 Maiden Lane or 22 John Street.

$12 to $20 per Day Clear, and a present of a beautiful Watch to all who sell our New Mammoth Eureka Prize Packages. Send for New Circulars.

W. H. CATELY & CO., 40 Ann Street, N. Y.

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY
PICTORIAL EDITION 1,500 ILLUSTRATIONS

The Best Holiday Gift,

And greatly, constantly, and permanently useful. Unusually full and satisfactory in MILITARY DEFINITIONS and ILLUSTRATIONS. SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

Union Prize Packages.

Dunn & Co.'s Head-Quarters, 118 Nassau St., N.Y., and Chicago, Ills. Send for circulars (largest house in the U. S.).

Holiday Presents.

Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines.
Highest Premium
International Exhibition, London, 1862.
Office 505 Broadway, New York.

$30 A MONTH and EXPENSES.—WANTED—Book Canvassers throughout the United States and Canada at the above wages. Send for a Circular. Address S. F. FRENCH & CO., No. 121 Nassau Street, N. Y.

Buy your Skate Straps with

Fogg's Lever Buckle,

Manufactured by F. STEVENS,
215 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK,
68 KILBY STREET, BOSTON.

The American Parlor
Or Floor Skate,
Hard Rubber Rollers,
Anti-friction Axles.

Observe, each Skate is labeled with the trade mark. Also, 50,000 pair of Ladies' and Gents' Ice Skates, comprising all the new and most improved patterns, made from welded steel and iron hardened; Skate Straps and Leather Goods of every description; Fogg's improved Lever Skate Buckle. Sole Agent for Williams, Morse & Co.'s celebrated Skates.

FREDERICK STEVENS,
215 PEARL STREET, New York.
68 KILBY STREET, Boston.

Patent Office Notice.

During the past Seventeen years Messrs. Munn & Co., Editors of the Scientific American, have acted as attorneys for more than Seventeen Thousand Inventors. They prepare Specifications, Drawings, Caviats, and all other Patent Papers. They also furnish, free, a Pamphlet of Advice, How to Obtain Letters Patent. Address

MUNN & CO.,
No. 37 Park Row, New York.

GOLDEN HILL SHIRTS.

RETAILING
At Wholesale Prices.
Depot 2 Warren Street. J. W. MERSEREAU.

"THE" assortment of skates and skate fixings will be found at the

CENTRAL PARK SKATE EMPORIUM

Skates 25 cents to 25 dollars. Everything in the skating line (except ponds) to suit all ages, sexes, tastes and purses.

CONOVER & WALKER, 474 Broadway, N. Y.

CHINA AND GLASS!

We have now in store a very large stock, and invite an inspection. Prices are low, most of the stock having been imported before the *new duty.* We have *not removed,* and have NO BRANCH STORE, but continue our business at 479 Broadway, between Broome and Grand Sts.

DAVIS COLLAMORE & Co.

WOOLEN UNDERSHIRTS
AND DRAWERS,
CARDIGAN JACKETS,
And
A Great Variety of Hosiery and Gloves.
A. RANKIN & CO.,
No. 96 Bowery,
And No. 165 5th Avenue, Corner 22d Street.

GOLD PENS.

Retailed at wholesale prices. Goods warranted. Send for a circular, giving list of prices and engravings of Pens. Pens repointed on the receipt of 36 cents in P. O. Stamps.

E. S. JOHNSON, Manufactory and Office 15 Maiden Lane, New York City.

Robes, Scarfs, Ties,

Hosiery, and Gloves.
New Goods at Old Prices.
UNION ADAMS,
No. 637 Broadway, New York City.

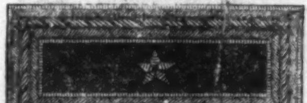
Sleeve & Bosom Studs,

Made from fine ivory, colors white, black, red, purple, and blue, marked any initial in Old English, and mailed free to any address upon receipt of the price, $1 50 full set. Monograms made to order.

UNION ADAMS,
No. 637 Broadway, New York.

Tomes, Son & Melvain,

6 Maiden Lane, New York.



Dealers in Arms and Military Goods of every Description.

RICH PRESENTATION SWORDS.

Smith & Wesson's Breech-loading Rifles and Pistols.
Bacon Manufacturing Co. Revolving Pistols.

LANDS.—To all wanting Farms. Thriving Settlement. Rich soil. Mild climate. See advertisement of Vineland, on page 495.

HOLIDAY GIFTS.

Agents and Dealers should get a supply of our PRIZE STATIONERY PACKAGES, containing Fine Stationery and a Gift of Fine Jewelry wanted in every Family and by every Soldier. Also, our ARMY PORTFOLIO, suited for the Soldier, as it contains Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Pencil, Ink, Thread, Needles, Buttons, &c. G. S. HASKINS & CO., 36 Beekman Street.

FISH'S
KEROSENE LAMP,
HEATING ATTACHMENTS,
Also arranged for
GAS, viz.:
Nursery, or Night Lamps:
Tea and Coffee Boilers;
Hospital Boilers, &c.
Light and Heat Combined.
Send for a Circular.
Agents wanted.
W. L. FISH & CO.,
539 Broadway, N. Y.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE!

MAGNIFYING 500 TIMES, FOR 28c. COIN PREFERRED. Five of different powers, $1. Mailed free. Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass.

IMPORTANT TO AGENTS!!—We have reduced the wholesale price of our Great Stationery Portfolio Package. We also give better Watches to our Agents than any other firm. Send stamp for new circular. WEIR & CO., 34 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

WARD'S PERFECT FITTING SHIRTS.

Made to Measure at $18, $24 and $27
PER DOZEN.
Self-Measurement for Shirts.

Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.

French Flannel Army Shirts, $24, $27, $30 and $33 per dozen.

S. W. H. WARD, from London, No. 387 Broadway.

HEIMSTREET'S

Inimitable Hair Restorative.

IT IS NOT A DYE,

But restores gray hair to its original color, by supplying the capillary tubes with natural sustenance, impaired by age or disease. All *instantaneous dyes* are composed of *lunar caustic,* destroying the vitality and beauty of the hair, and afford of themselves no dressing. Heimstreet's Inimitable Coloring not only restores hair to its natural color by an easy process, but gives the hair a

Luxuriant Beauty,

promotes its growth, prevents its falling off, eradicates dandruff, and imparts health and pleasantness to the head. It has stood the test of time, being the original Hair Coloring, and is constantly increasing in favor. Used by both gentlemen and ladies. It is sold by all respectable dealers, or can be procured by them of the commercial agent, D. S. Barnes, 22 Broadway, N.Y. Two sizes, 50 c. and $1.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York,
Have just Published:

BUTTERFIELD'S OUTPOST DUTY. Camp and Outpost Duty for Infantry. With Standing Orders, Extracts from the Revised Regulations for the Army, Rules for Health, Maxims for Soldiers, and Duties of Officers. By Daniel Butterfield, Brig.-Gen. Vols., U.S.A. 18mo, Flexible Cloth, 63 cents.

THE STUDENT'S HISTORY OF FRANCE. A History of France from the Earliest Times to the Establishment of the Second Empire in 1852. Illustrated by Engravings on Wood. Large 12mo (Uniform with "The Student's Hume," "The Student's Gibbon," "Student's Greece," "Liddell's Rome," &c.), Cloth, $1 25.

MISTRESS AND MAID. A HOUSEHOLD STORY. By Dinah Maria Mulock, Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Olive," "The Ogilvies," "The Head of the Family," "Agatha's Husband," "A Life for a Life," &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

Any of the above books sent by Mail, postage free, on receipt of the price.